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CHRISTMAS IN POLITICS.

A FEW THINGS THE PEOPLE WOULDN'T HAVE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

If the Republicans are wise they will, as to the tariff question, content themselves with some general declarations of vague meaning, and practically let the tariff alone. This policy will, as the revival of business progresses, probably commend itself so strongly to their judgment that the incurable fury of some fanatics among them will hardly frighten the real leaders away from it. They have gone through some valuable experiences. They cannot have forgotten that their extreme protectionism started the tidal waves of 1890 and 1892 against them. They must be aware that their sweeping victory of 1894 was owing not merely to the hard times, but perhaps still more to the moral disgust of the people at the delinquencies of the Democratic party. They are sensible enough to know, too, that their victory was by no means a mere partisan victory, that the public mind is very much disposed to independent action, that a repetition of the old mistakes might have the result of turning that action once more against them, and that they can maintain the advantages recently gained only by very discreet and decent conduct. But their opportunities are unusually favorable. In the currency question they have an issue ready to their hands, which, if wisely managed, would serve them to maintain their ascendency for a long period, especially if they take the side of sound money quite unequivocally, and with firmness and vigor. They need no longer trouble themselves about the clamor of the silver-producing States, for they will no longer need them. It will be not only a patriotic policy, but "good politics," for them to rely upon the good sense and the honest impulses of the people.

The situation of the Democratic party in such a contingency, which is not at all unlikely to arise, will be a very delicate one. If the Republicans carry the next Presidential election—and it looks now as if they would—the Democrats, as the opposition party, will be naturally inclined to resist those things which form the principal features of the Republican policy. This might, in the supposed case, lead the Democrats to declare themselves against the financial policy of the Republicans, and to try to strengthen their party by attaching to it all those elements that are in favor of free silver coinage or of fiat money. In all probability a good many of their leaders are already revolving such a scheme in their heads. But before concluding upon any definite plan of action they should, as to the inevitable consequences, carefully study the lesson taught by recent events.

The policy of trying to attract to the Democratic party all those who believe in free silver coinage, fiat money, and other financial vagaries has actually been followed by the Democrats in several States. And what was the result? Not to strengthen the Democratic party, but to induce a great many Democrats to abstain from voting, and, what is still more significant, to drive an equally large, or, perhaps, a still larger, number over to the Populists. Of this effect the recent election in Ohio furnishes a striking illustration. The Democrats adopted a free coinage platform. By this they thought they had made an irresistible bid for the Populist vote. The upshot was that in no other State the Democratic vote suffered such a tremendous falling off, and in no other State had the Populists such a large gain to show. The cause of this is very simple. When a political party makes concessions to those tendencies which are at the bottom of such financial heresies as free coinage or fiat money, it admits that they are substantially right, and it excites in the minds of a great many unsophisticated people desires and ways of thinking which very frequently will go beyond the things offered, cease to be satisfied with those who offered them, and seek satisfaction elsewhere. Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, went through the same experience. He thought he could ingratiate himself with those of his constituents who had been seized with the Populist mania, by soothing them with free-coinage talk. The effect was that a good many Democrats, who otherwise would have supported him, were started by himself in the direction of Populism, and then, because the Populists offered them more of that kind of food, went over to them altogether. Those Democratic leaders must be excessively dull of comprehension who do not yet understand that every Democratic concession to the Populists makes not Democratic votes, but Populist votes.

Let us imagine, now, that the Democrats, by way of opposition to the Republicans, adopted this policy as their national programme. The result would inevitably be so far-reaching a demoralization and disintegration of the Democratic party that it might congratulate itself if it escaped absolute dissolution. The hold the Democratic party has upon its own followers is not what it once was. The almost religious reverence with which the words "Democratic principles" and "Democratic policies" were spoken by old party men has very much gone out of fashion. The number of Democrats who have ceased to care much for the legend of the apostolic succession from THOMAS JEFFERSON, and for other venerable shibboleths, has grown dangerously great. The dissolution of the Democratic party, or its absorption in some other organization, is therefore no longer such an impossibility as it once was thought to be. And nothing would be more calculated to bring about the absorption of the Democratic by the Populist party than the adoption by the Democrats of free coinage, or fiat money, or anything of that kind, as a general opposition policy.

If the Democratic party is to live, it must seek its salvation in the opposite direction. Instead of opposing the Republicans by advocating free coinage, or fiat-money freaks, or other Populistic nonsense, it must seek to outdo them in the endeavor to give the country a sound financial policy. The Democrats will in all probability discover opportunity enough for attacking weak points in Republican plans, and for improving upon them. They will find in the old hard-money traditions of their own party some things that may be fashioned even now into a "Democratic" policy. This is the only way in which the Democrats can conduct their opposition honorably and usefully, and at the same time secure to their party, if not a return to power, at least a new lease of life.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

MR. CARLISLE'S annual report has been received with great interest, and has aroused much discussion. This is due to the fact that the subject which the Secretary chiefly discusses is one that has been forced upon him by the condition of the country and of his own department. The condition of business in the United States is complicated, and its distresses are greatly augmented by the state of our currency. The problem that is presented by our monetary and banking systems should have been met and solved some years ago. But, notwithstanding its vital importance, it has been permitted to drift with the tide of events. Like most of our political problems, it has waited upon Congress, until now that body finds the country clamoring at its doors and demanding action. That some action was absolutely necessary has been certain for years, but our politicians, our bankers, our merchants, and our newspapers have been content to confine their efforts, not always successful, to defeating first the greenback and then the silver craze. In the mean time the credit of the government, and, by reaction, of the business interests of the country, has been at the mercy of a mass of paper demand notes issued by the government. The WEEKLY has pointed out that the addition to the bonded debt of $100,000,000 is due to the obligation of the government to preserve the parity of gold and silver, and to meet its demand obligations when they are presented at the Treasury. If it had not been for the banking side of the Treasury Department, the $172,000,000 of gold which was in the Treasury in excess of what was required to protect the gold certificates when Mr. HARRISON'S term began might have been drawn on to meet the deficiency in the revenues. As that deficiency for 1894 was $70,000,000, the Treasury could have used its gold in that way, and still possessed more than its reserve fund of $100,000,000. But the demand notes of the government had been used to withdraw about $161,000,000 of this accumulation before the call for the last loan of $50,000,000.

The continued existence of these demand notes must defeat all effort to maintain a gold reserve. For all the good done the Treasury by the gold received from the syndicate which purchased the last lot of bonds, Mr. CARLISLE might as well have never made the attempt to compel gold payments. As soon as the bonds were purchased they were retailed at a profit. The syndicate which took the bonds paid for them with its own gold, but the purchasers from the syndicate were obliged to procure their gold from the Sub-Treasury. The result was that at the end of the first week in December about $4,000,000 of the Treasury's new acquisition of gold had been lost.

Again, the national banking system is unable to respond to the demands of the country for currency at times when currency is most wanted. In the language of bankers, it is not elastic. By reason of the payment of the government bonds on which the amount of national-bank currency is limited, the aggregate of bank-notes has fallen to $207,000,000. It is on the banks that the business interests of the country must depend in emergencies. The amount of government paper is limited by law, and the Treasury does not possess branches in every part of the country through which the people can supply their needs, nor does it lend money on individual securities. Banks of discount are the instrumentalities out of and into which the common every-day currency of the country must flow, and the national banks are reducing their power to meet the requirements of business as population and the volume of business are increasing. This decrease of circulation is only partly due to the decrease of the public debt on which it is based. Banks are also withdrawing their circulation because it is unprofitable.

These are the conditions which the Secretary of the Treasury faces, and for meeting which he has devised the plan under discussion. The government paper is a menace to credit, and some other basis for circulation must take the place of the disappearing public debt. It must be such a basis that note-holders will be secure, that will enable the amount of currency in the country to increase and decrease with the demand for it, and which will be fairly profitable to the banks.

The truth and soundness of all that has been here stated are recognized in Mr. CARLISLE'S report. So far as his opinions concerning the necessity of withdrawing and redeeming the government paper, and the general policy on which the banks should be reorganized, are concerned, nearly all financial authorities agree with him. There are, however, many differences of opinion concerning the details of the Secretary's plan.

The plan in brief, so far as it relates to national banks, is that a bank shall have the right to issue circulation to the amount of 75 per cent. of its capital, but it must deposit 30 per cent. of this circulation in legal tenders in the Treasury as a guarantee fund. Besides this there is to be a guarantee fund for the notes of failed banks to the amount of 5 per cent. of the circulation. At present a bank with $100,000 can secure about $78,000 in circulation, based on $87,000 of bonds. Under Mr. CARLISLE'S plan such a bank might take out $75,000 in circulation. It would deposit $22,500 in legal tenders for its own guarantee fund, and $3750 in the general guarantee fund. This would lock up $26,250 of its capital. On this sum it would receive no interest. There would remain $73,750 of its capital and the $75,000 circulation, an aggregate loanable fund of $148,750. For the sake of simplicity, it may be assumed that a bank's money will earn 4 per cent. The national bank under the existing system, in the two instances above, will earn on its $87,000 of bonds and $78,000 of circulation $6600; under the proposed system the bank would earn on its $75,000 of circulation, and its $73,750 of capital remaining after the deductions for the guarantee funds, $5950. Therefore on this basis the bankers who object to Mr. CARLISLE'S proposition on the ground that the circulation under it would not be profitable have reason for their objections. If, however, the bank's money, aside from bonds, earns 6 per cent., the bank under the proposed system would earn nearly $800 a year more than it can under a system on which it receives only 4 per cent. on that part of its capital locked up in bonds for the security of circulation.

It is quite probable that the Secretary suggests the deposit of 30 per cent. of the circulation in legal tenders because he desires to lock up that amount of these instrumentalities for depleting the gold reserve. He is more likely to regard the needs of his own department than the advantage of the banks. The getting rid of the gold-bearing demand notes will be a matter of serious difficulty. There is no money for their redemption in the Treasury, which, on the contrary, is not now in receipt of sufficient revenue to meet its current obligations. The sum of $225,000,000 would constitute the guarantee fund if existing banks with their present capital should take out the full amount of circulation permitted by Mr. CARLISLE'S plan. The locking up of this sum would give present relief, but there is no suggestion that any measure should be taken to prevent the return of these same legal-tender notes to circulation. On Mr. CARLISLE'S own showing, they ought to be completely withdrawn. The frank and straightforward way would be to issue $500,000,000 of 2½-per-cent. bonds, and redeem the legal tenders and Treasury notes with their proceeds. There would be objections, of course, to transforming a non-interest into an interest bearing debt; but the Treasury has issued already $100,000,000 of 5-per-cent. bonds on account of this same paper, without decreasing the danger or inconvenience of it in the slightest degree. Only four more years of this will add $500,000,000 to the bonded debt, without retiring a single demand government note. Why would it not be better and more economical to issue 2½-per-cent. bonds in place of greenbacks than to issue 5-per-cent. bonds and keep the greenbacks in circulation? But whatever may be the way out of the greenback problem, its solution ought not to be permitted to imperil the scheme for national-bank reorganization.

Want of space prevents the consideration of that part of Mr. CARLISLE'S plan in which he advocates

the repeal of the tax on State bank circulation, coupled with certain conditions of Federal supervision. Perhaps, however, it is only necessary to say that the business life of the country has so long centred about the national banks that they must continue to be our only currency-issuing institutions. State banks could not exist in rivalry with them, and it is undesirable for the government to have any supervisory relation over purely State corporations. In view of Mr. CARLISLE'S own uncertainty concerning the conditions for the regulation of the State banks, it has been suggested that this part of the plan was devised for the purpose of catching votes for the other part.

The difficulties of the whole subject are such that no complete plan is to be expected at this session of Congress, and probably no plan at all, but Congress should not adjourn without at least authorizing President CLEVELAND to appoint a monetary commission with instructions to report to it at the next session.

THE NEW JAPANESE TREATY.

THE treaty which Secretary GRESHAM has negotiated with the Japanese government is intended to effect a radical change in the mutual relations of the two countries. For the first time a Secretary of State of this country has treated with Japan as a thoroughly civilized power. In authorizing him to do so President CLEVELAND has not been the first to recognize that Japan has won something more than battles in her war with China, and that she has the right at least to demand to stand on an equal footing with the powers whose arts of destruction she has adopted. Lord KIMBERLEY some months ago hastened to place Great Britain on good terms with the rising power in the East, and concluded a treaty with the Mikado's government which in its essential feature is very like that which Mr. CLEVELAND sent to the Senate on the 8th of December.

The new treaty abolishes the treaty of 1858 and the subsequent tariff treaties with Japan. By the PERRY treaty of 1854 the ports of Simoda and Hakodadi were "granted by the Japanese as ports for the reception of American ships, where they can be supplied with wood, water, provisions, and coal," and other necessaries. Shipwrecked Americans were to be carried to one or the other of these ports and handed over to their countrymen. As a great favor, the Americans living there were not confined to the limits of the cities, as the Dutch and Chinese were at Nagasaki, but might go where they pleased within certain limits. Three years afterwards, in 1857, a treaty was made in which it was agreed that American citizens charged with offences should be tried by the American consul or consul-general, and punished under American laws. The treaty of 1858, which took the place of these treaties of 1854 and 1857, increased the number of cities at which Americans might reside, gave them certain property rights, which were to be exercised under the supervision of their own consul and free from Japanese official interference, and granted religious freedom to Americans properly residing in the country.

This was a treaty made by a civilized with a barbarian power. American citizens were not to be left to the hazards and dangers of Japanese rule. It was the kind of treaty that our own and other civilized powers made, and continue to make, for the protection of their citizens whose enterprise carries them to countries inhabited by savages who do not know the justice of civilized lands, and whose innate barbarity would be exercised most readily against strangers. The new treaty is an agreement with a civilized power. All special immunities heretofore granted to American citizens are withdrawn. The consular courts are abolished. American citizens, if the treaty goes into effect at the time mentioned, 1899, must submit themselves to Japanese laws and Japanese courts of justice. The treaty ports come entirely under the control of Japanese municipal officers. In a word, an American in Japan, under the new treaty, would be as wholly within the jurisdiction of the Japanese government as an American in London is now within the jurisdiction of the British government.

Lord KIMBERLEY'S critics of the English press insisted that he was too fast in negotiating a treaty with the Japanese on the theory that they were a civilized people. They insisted that Japanese civilization is a thin veneer. In this country we have been ready to take the Japanese at the valuation of their warmest admirers. It is to be hoped that the rumors of atrocities at Port Arthur are not true. For if they are true it may be doubtful if American citizens in Japan should yet be deprived of the protection of American officials and American law.

ENGLAND'S LONE HAND.

DOES England still intend to annex Chusan? The question is one of some importance and of much interest. The occasion for doing this lay ready to her hand only the other day in the obstinate delay of the Chinese government to make the amends demanded for the outrage committed in the case of the *Chun-King*. Everything, indeed, was ready—the fleet, the garrison, not improbably a governor and a colonial secretary—when China swallowed at one gulp the whole cup of humiliation presented to her.

It is scarcely uncharitable to suppose that this was a disappointment to England. Chusan, indeed, is but a little island, but, small as it is, it would be of great value to her both commercially and as a means of exercising a commanding influence over China. England has seized Chusan before, and then she relinquished it with much reluctance; it is not too much to prophesy that if she seizes it again it will be harder still for China to recover it. Will England move? That she will do so if possible goes without saying. England has never yet failed in showing a full appreciation of the value to herself of places like Chusan, and a glance at the map of the world will show she has usually got what she valued. Of islands situated like Chusan she has possession in every sea, and mounting guard upon almost every coast. Like Hong-Kong, Perim, Malta, Cyprus, and a score of others, Chusan suits the needs of her commerce and the traditional policy of her statesmen, and therefore it may be looked upon as but a question of opportunity how soon and in what way England will possess herself of this island also. Still, there are difficulties.

England, it may be taken for granted, will do nothing to outrage the public opinion of the civilized world. She will not seize even so distant an island as Chusan without a reason; she is cautious, but a reason will be forthcoming. In several respects her position is a singularly favorable one with this in view. She is fully prepared to act, and she is well able to wait. In such a confusion as now exists in China, and in the yet greater confusion which is inevitably impending over the Flowery Empire, something is sure to turn up. Even the absence of concert between herself and the other great European powers may prove a positive advantage to England in this matter. There can be no doubt that she always plays a lone hand best. In alliance with others she rarely succeeds in doing much for her own special interests; trying it alone she rarely fails to come out a winner of something substantial. By the Crimean war she made practically nothing for herself, and had France stood in with her in Egypt she would not have been mistress of the Nile Valley as she is to-day. Should she annex Chusan, she will at least have secured something to compensate for the loss which the Eastern war must entail upon her commerce, and, as she now stands, she has practically a free hand. The opportunity can hardly fail to arise; and when it comes England's action may be expected to be prompt, unless, indeed, her hand has lost its cunning—of which so far there are no very alarming symptoms.

THE BALANCE OF AFFECTION.

THE political dogma of the European balance of power was in its day responsible for some half-dozen great wars and a pretty general accumulation of human suffering and national loss. This good old doctrine has during later years been supposed to have fallen into a very desirable condition of natural decay, like other doctrines that have seen better days, and are not formally renounced only because everybody knows that nobody now believes them. It is, however, often easier to bury a dogma than to get rid of the feeling, however absurd, which gave birth to it originally. This seems to be somewhat the position to-day of the obsolete doctrine of the European balance of power. Politicians, indeed, hardly venture now to talk in the old language which assumed that it was a doctrine necessary to be believed and practised for the salvation of states. They do not actually say, as they once did, that every wedding in a royal or imperial family must be carefully balanced by another wedding to counteract its possible influences, otherwise no one could guess the possible consequences. On the whole, even in the most crusted old samples of European monarchies, the personalities of sovereigns have taken a comparatively back seat in these days, and those of the people have come proportionally to the front. Yet the old ideas die hard, and they still find means to keep themselves in evidence.

The press, which, as the expression of the advancing ideas of the time, has done so much to get rid of the old ideas, is not guiltless of the sin of from time to time helping to galvanize the old bogie into a flickering sort of life which is both misleading and mischievous. Press correspondents must have news to send to those who are on the watch for news, and political news is most easily got from professional politicians. The "well-informed" source of a correspondent's political outlook is, if the truth were known, generally a very back-stairs sort of person, nearly related to the retailers of approaching events of importance in "good society." Hence it is that we are treated to the constant succession of terrible cyclones in the various political teacups of Europe. The rage of the Kaiser, the anger of the Czar, the extreme anxiety of the court of Vienna or of London, are all sensations to which the public ought by this time to have grown pretty well accustomed. We may safely say, in the words of the immortal Peggotty, "Bless ye, he don't mean anything." The time has fortunately gone by when even a Kaiser's indigestion or a Czar's gout can upset the policies of nations or plunge a continent into war. As for such courts as that of England being important factors in the quarrels and reconciliations of nations, the idea is too absurd for refutation.

The storms in political circles which have marked the entrance of the planet of the new Czar into the political firmament may, with perfect safety, be treated as of little or no importance to the world at large. The supposed love of the new ruler for his English connections will have but little effect, as all experience teaches, on the policy of Russia; nor will the supposed affection of Queen VICTORIA for her granddaughter's husband cause the English cabinet and Parliament to surrender a single point in favor of Russia, unless they see some equivalent advantage to accrue to Britain. In the same way, there need be no excitement about the feelings of the Kaiser. If it is a fact that his Imperial Majesty does indulge in the frequent gusts of passion with which he is credited, he is much to be pitied; but we don't know that, except to his immediate family and friends, it is a matter of extreme interest or importance. It is too late in the day for such things to affect materially the current of events. Whether formally or not, it is the nations that rule now, and no longer the so-called sovereigns. To the young attachés at the various embassies who spend their lives amongst the language of diplomacy, and so fail to understand its substance, it no doubt appears as if these trifles were of importance, and they are the best of the "well-informed" sources of information on which the press is so fond of relying.

GOOD CITY GOVERNMENT.

PUBLIC interest in the question of good city government has been steadily growing of late years, and during the past twelve months has progressed by leaps and bounds by reason of the Brooklyn victory of 1893 over the spoilsmen of that city, the activities of Dr. PARKHURST, the startling revelations of the LEXOW investigation, and the Tammany defeat of 1894. This increased and increasing interest has been manifested in the distinguished success of the National Conference for Good City Government, held in January of this year in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Municipal League of Philadelphia, with the cordial endorsement of the City Club of New York; in the formation of innumerable municipal leagues and good-government clubs in all the more important cities of the country; and in the formation of the National Municipal League, which will hold its first annual meeting in May, 1895.

The impetus given to municipal reform movements by the Philadelphia conference was so marked as to make a second conference both advisable and feasible, and Minneapolis was chosen as the place of its meeting, inasmuch as city-charter revision was a burning question there, as well as in its sister city of St. Paul. It was thought that the influence of a national conference would be beneficial on local opinion, and serve to produce a public sentiment in favor of the best and highest standards. The immediate results have demonstrated the wisdom of the selection, in that through the papers and discussions, which were reported in full in the columns of the local journals, the people of Minneapolis and St. Paul have been aroused to the great importance of their present effort, and the necessity of taking such steps as will eliminate, or at least reduce to a minimum, the bad features of existing conditions. One danger confronts Minneapolis and a number of other Northwestern cities, namely, that they may be lulled into a sense of false security because the spoilsmen are not so securely intrenched as in Eastern cities, and because municipal corruption is not so general. Frequently, at the conference, delegates from Western cities were prone to regard local conditions as somewhat better than they really were.

As a matter of fact the Western cities, except Chicago, which can hardly be regarded as a Western city in the present-day use of that phrase, are not suffering as acutely from corrupt machines or political combines as the Eastern municipalities, but this is largely because the cities are newer and smaller, and do not offer as large opportunities as the Eastern ones. When New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore shall have succeeded in ousting the present corrupt rings that infest and control their city politics, it is reasonable to suppose that all those local statesmen who have been fortunate enough to escape the penitentiary will depart for pastures new. Then the Western cities will have to beware lest they fall victims to the designs of the politician out of a job.

The Minneapolis Conference met December 8th and 10th, and was presided over by GEORGE BURNHAM, Jun., president of the Municipal League of Philadelphia. Delegates were present from Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, New Orleans, St. Paul, Kansas City, Milwaukee, and many other Western cities of smaller size. The arrangement of the programme was quite naturally largely governed by the local environment, and dealt more particularly with questions of administration. At Philadelphia the discussion was mainly directed to the political conditions of the principal Eastern cities, and to the ways and means of arousing public interest in the problems of municipal reform and government. At Minneapolis the municipal conditions of Minneapolis, St. Paul, Cleveland, Milwaukee, and New Orleans were discussed, with special reference to the forms of government.

WILLIAM G. LOW, president of the Citizens' Union of Kings County, retold the story of the great anti-Tammany campaign just brought to a successful close in New York city, and of the Brooklyn victories of a year ago.

Mr. HERBERT WELSH spoke of "Municipal Leagues and Good Government Clubs" as a means of enabling determined, resolute, and high-minded men and women to work out the salvation of our American municipalities.

Dr. E. J. JAMES, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his paper on "The Elements of a good City Charter," maintained that American cities should be given a larger degree of local self-government, and be governed by a single responsible head, with adequate power, after the executive and legislative departments had been sharply defined. Dr. JAMES also maintained that the "idea of proper technical preparation for the duties of positions intrusted with technical work in city administration is at bottom of fundamental importance for good city government."

While the advocates of other forms were present, and presented their views most ably, the trend of opinion seemed to be decidedly in favor of placing enlarged power and responsibility in the hands of the mayor. Mr. LOW spoke positively as to the advantage of this plan, as demonstrated by the recent experiences of Brooklyn; and L. E. HOLDEN, editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, bore similar testimony to the positive improvement seen in his city since 1891, when a new charter making the mayor the responsible head was adopted.

The conference was well reported, and has greatly stimulated the interest in what may with entire propriety, at the present time, be designated a burning American question. Its deliberations were eminently practical, and its good effects will be felt not only in Minneapolis and St. Paul, but in every city represented there by delegates, and in every city where the newspapers reproduced the discussions. In these ways the influence of such meetings is indefinitely increased.

The prospect for better municipal conditions in American cities is brightening with every such meeting, and with the increasing activities of the National Municipal League and the local reform organizations.

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN,
Senator-Elect from South Carolina.

THE NEW SOUTH CAROLINA SENATOR.

THE old régime in South Carolina has now been completely overthrown, and after the approaching 4th of March and the end of the present session of Congress there will be no one in Washington to speak for and represent the conservatives or "Bourbons" of that once proud State. The last act in the downfall of the old order of politicians took place on the 12th of December, when Governor Benjamin R. Tillman, the leader of the new party, was elected to the Senate of the United States in the place of General Matthew C. Butler, who has had a seat in the higher branch of Congress for eighteen years. General Butler and General Wade Hampton were the leaders of the Democratic party in South Carolina when the Federal administration in Washington withdrew its support from the carpet-baggers who had plundered South Carolina ever since the war. The rule of the leaders of the party that now came into power was almost absolute, and the dictation of Generals Hampton and Butler was not seriously disputed until Tillman appeared in the field. He has met with unvarying success from the beginning of his campaign, and now the old party has been annihilated.

Benjamin R. Tillman has always been a farmer, though he served in the Confederate army during the war, and rose to the rank of Captain. He has a fine plantation, and lived on it quietly until six years ago, when he started and led a movement to establish a college for farmers' sons. His success in this campaign induced him to believe that the people would follow him in an attack on "the rule of the autocrats." In 1890 he succeeded in getting the Democratic nomination for Governor, and was elected. He was reelected in 1892, and dictated the nomination of the person who will succeed him.

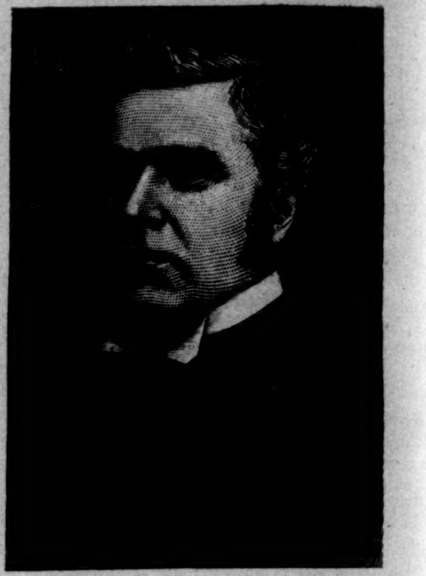
DEATH OF CANADA'S PREMIER.

THE Dominion of Canada is in mourning for the third premier lost within a very few years. When Sir John Macdonald, the astute statesman who brought about the unification of the Canadian provinces, died three years ago, it was generally thought that his able colleague and assistant, Sir John Thompson, would succeed to the leadership of the government. But he declined the invitation because at that time there was a possibility that his appointment might create friction on account of his membership in the Roman Catholic Church. So the late Sir John Abbott took the place, and held it for a little over a year. Then he resigned, and the statesman who has just died in Windsor Castle took the office, which he held up to the time of his death, and which he administered with most marked ability. He had gone to England to be sworn in as a member of the Imperial Privy Council, and it was to attend a meeting of that body that he had gone to Windsor Castle. After the meeting he was at luncheon as a guest of the Queen, when he was taken ill, and died from heart-failure in fifteen minutes.

Sir John Sparrow David Thompson, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, Queen's Counsel, Member of the Imperial Privy Council of Great Britain, Premier and Minister of Justice in Canada, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1844, and was educated for the law, which he began to practise in the courts of his native province in 1865. In 1877, as the associate of Richard Henry Dana, Jun., he had appeared for the United States government before the Fishery Commission sitting at Halifax, in accordance with the Treaty of Washington. In 1878 he represented a constituency in the Provincial Parliament, and the next year was made Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, and was appointed Queen's Counsel on account of the distinguished position he had achieved at the bar. In 1882 he succeeded Mr. Holmes as Premier of the province, which post he held in addition to the office of Attorney-General. Both of these he resigned the same year to accept the appointment of Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. In 1885, at the invitation of Sir John Macdonald, he resigned his judgeship to become Minister of Justice and Attorney-General of the Dominion of Canada.

At this time, just after the suppression of the half-breed rebellion led by Louis Riel, the government was in a critical condition, as there was much dissatisfaction on account of Riel's execution. When the question came up in Parliament, Mr. Thompson answered for the government, and his speech was so convincing that the opposition was silenced. In 1887 he served with Sir Charles Tupper as a High Commissioner on the Fishery Question, and for his services in this capacity the Queen knighted him and decorated him with the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. In 1889 Sir John again represented the government in the debate over the Jesuits' Estate act, and at the time it was considered that he had rescued his party from a critical situation. Sir John Macdonald, when he knew that his end was approaching, indicated his preference for Sir John Thompson as a successor. But, as has before been mentioned, Sir John Thompson did not become Premier at once. In the Bering Sea Arbitration in Paris last year he was one of the arbitrators, and it was the opinion of the distinguished counsel in the case that he discharged his functions in a dignified and judicial manner, affording a striking example of firmness and impartiality throughout the proceedings.

The Queen was in residence at Windsor Castle when Sir John Thompson died, and naturally she was much shocked. She sent a personal despatch of condolence to Lady Thompson, who was in Montreal. Sir John Thompson had been ailing for some months, and had consulted specialists since his arrival in London. There is much speculation in Canada as to the new Premier. There will probably be no appointment till after the funeral, some two weeks hence. Meantime Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Trade and Commerce, will continue as Acting Premier. He has been mentioned for the succession, as has also Mr. George Foster, Minister of Finance, and Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian Commissioner in London.



THE LATE SIR JOHN THOMPSON,
Premier of Canada.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES W. FORSYTH.
[See Page 1211.]

OPERA: AS NEW YORK HAS IT.

IT is early yet to estimate closely the relative value of the season of opera in Italian and French which the management is purveying with so liberal a hand at the New Metropolitan. Of course the Teutonic-moulded taste, the Wagnerist, the factionist, whose narrow horizon can include nothing but German opera sung in German—he or she will have an opinion ready formed that does not concern us here. It certainly is not too early, however, to praise the managers for evidences of judgment, care, and free-handedness. It is not too early to compliment Messrs. Abbey & Grau for having got wisdom by experience, and for being in the way this year of profiting by it. Their errors of past winters are almost all wholly or partially corrected in 1894-5. Instead of a few leading singers, with several of them *passés*, no singer of the rank of a star in the present troupe at our opera is otherwise than in the height of capability, and thoroughly in the general public esteem for lyric or dramatic gifts. Ill-chosen secondary artists no longer bore us by their presence; the minor singers this year are of a real and respectable efficiency. The *débutantes* so far have been uniformly of artistic promise and very considerable present performance; only one new-comer—a tenor—has proved out of place here. A young barytone has been needed for two or three years; this season finds a capital one at hand to undertake rôles unsuited to older singers. The best two Italian conductors, or two of the very best—broadly cultivated, authoritative men—are retained, instead of the vain and unequal efforts of an incompetent. The chorus is not only re-enforced, but it is re-enforced from local material—a sensible and graceful proceeding. The mounting and stage-management are adequate. The repertory for 1894-5, while it leaves much to be desired in the way of presenting us with European novelties, at least is strenuously avoiding those works that, ever well done, have nothing to please in the minds of the present generation—for shall not a Melba make even *Lucia* as good as new, and well worth its evening? Into Wagnerian fields such a company can boldly venture, and after so superb *Lohengrin* evenings as we lately have had, *Tristan and Isolde* is surely not too high a flight. Even the cavilling and jealous follower of Baireuth and Munich model performances has been warmed over such examples. In short, an exceptionally strong company, an intelligent management, and admirable performances—we say to the present managers of the New Metropolitan, *Macte virtute!* To give New York the best in everything "pays."

E. I. S.

UNCLE SAM'S UNEARNED INCOME.

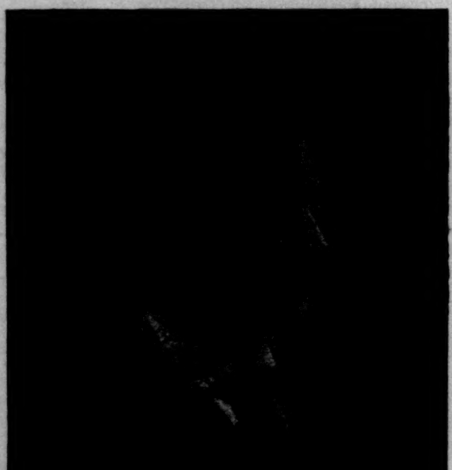
RECENTLY the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York city has turned into the Post-office Department fund the sum of $1,300,000, which has been accumulating in the Sub-Treasury during the last thirty years from the funds paid to the money-order post-offices for remittances which have never been claimed. Old money-orders are presented at the Post-office Department almost every day, but the amount of the unpaid money-order fund increases constantly, and there is no likelihood that any part of the $1,300,000 will be claimed by its owners. In fact, every year from $50,000 to $100,000 is added to the fund, which represents carelessness or neglect.

This is only one source of unearned income which the government has. The Post-office Department furnishes another in the stamps which are destroyed from year to year without cancellation or are bought by collectors.

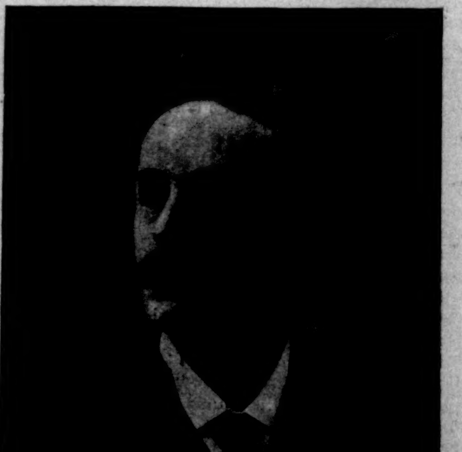
The value of a stamp is represented in the service which it will never be called upon to perform. So common a source of income is the sale of stamps to collectors that it is said that some small governments have issued stamps intended mainly as a source of income. Many Central American republics issue stamps of new design every year. The republic of Liberia, it is said, issues stamps more for an income to be derived from sales to stamp-collectors than for postal purposes.

The Treasury Department has a large source of income in the issue of bonds and bank-notes. There is no doubt that of the $50,000,000 worth of bonds just issued some proportion will never be presented. There is more than a million dollars in the Treasury to-day due to holders of government bonds. There are millions of dollars of United States notes marked on the Treasury's books as not redeemed which will never be presented. Most of this money has been destroyed. Occasionally some of it appears and is presented for redemption, but each year the fund grows larger.

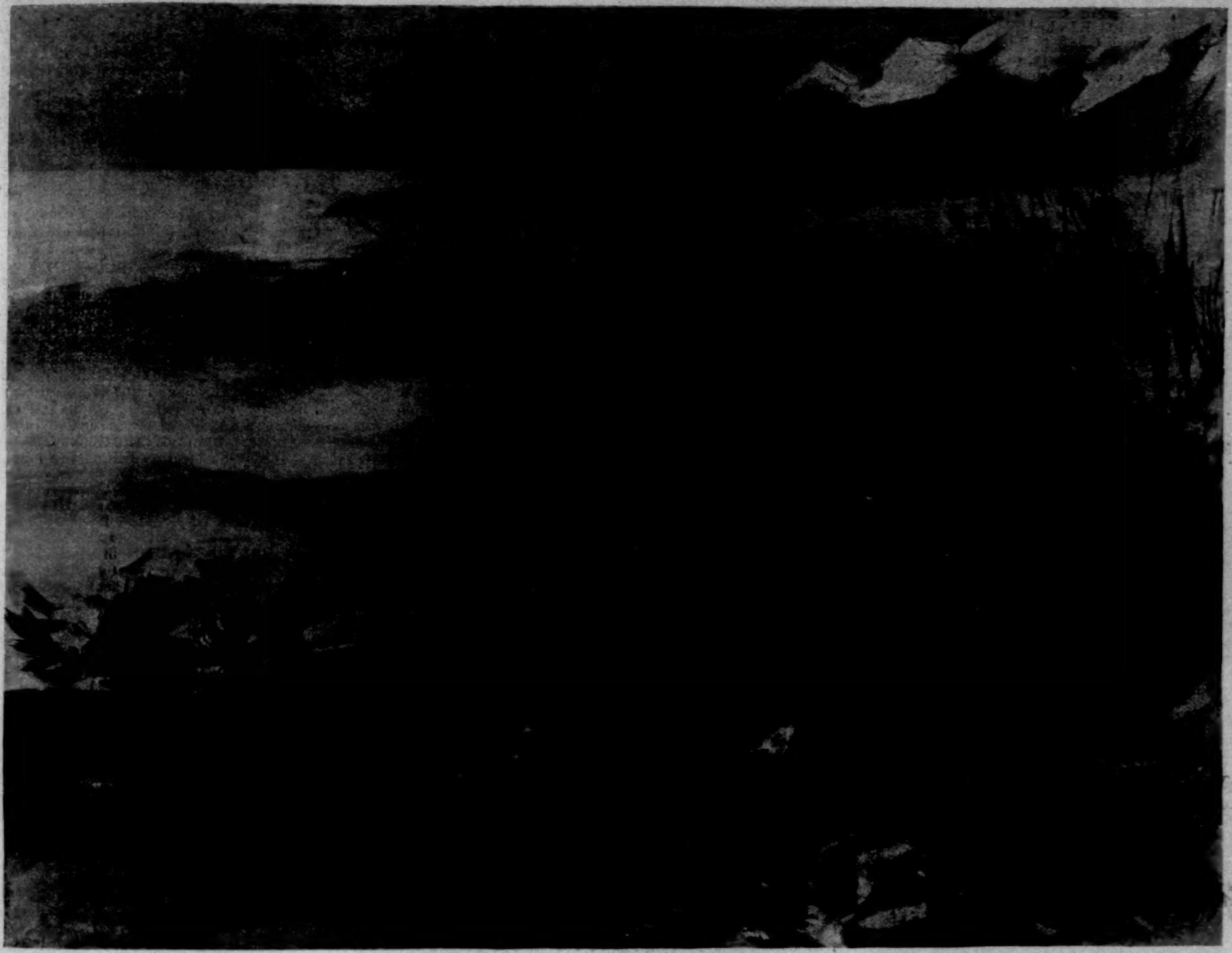
As to the amount represented in unpaid claims or supplies that is something which could hardly be computed. It often takes the lifetime of not only the claimants, but the generation coming after him to reach a settlement with the dilatory Congress.



W. A. ROGERS,
Cartoonist and Illustrator.—[See Page 1210.]



EDWIN UPTON CURTIS,
Mayor-Elect of Boston.—[See Page 1219.]



A COOL CHRISTMAS.

BY HUGH H. LUSK.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

IT was Christmas eve, and the day was hot. Not indeed with the dry burning heat of an Australian Christmas, only endurable under the shade of green leaves by the margin of some shady stream; but a New Zealand Christmas, bright, hot, and sparkling in the sunlight, but with a cool breeze setting in from the ocean, and a tender softness lurking in the air.

There were only two of us, Jim and I. We had been mates for more than three years on the diggings, and in all that time we had never had a disagreement. Like other people, we had enjoyed our turns of luck, and then again we had experienced bad times. More than once we had fancied our fortunes secured, and had begun to talk of people and places far away that we hoped to see again, and again things had gone wrong, and for the time we had ceased to say anything of the past, or to speculate on the future. And through it all we had been good mates. We never had more in our party. As Jim said, two were company, and more mightn't be; so we worked alone. On that Christmas eve, however, we were not working.

Two days before, we had started to prospect for new ground. Each with his swag on his back, we had climbed terrace after terrace of the great mountain range, till at last we had left all the country we knew behind us. We did a little prospecting here and there as we went, but not much. Somehow we both were restless, and a little excited by the novelty and wildness of the country; so, instead of prospecting, we had climbed higher and higher. And now, on the morning of that Christmas eve, we found ourselves on a sort of terrace far up the slope of Mount Cook, looking out upon one of the most glorious views the world can show. We must have stood five or six thousand feet above the sea-level; and there, sparkling, glittering, blazing like a vast shield of burnished gold, lay the ocean, apparently at our very feet. The site of Hokitika was marked only by a dim cloud of smoke that floated, blue and transparent, far below us; and between, like gently swelling green billows on a shallow sea, rose wave after wave of soft feathery forest, with the morning mists still clinging to its ridges, and lying dense and fleecy in its thousand hollows.

Behind us rose the mountain—huge, shapeless, and solemn—a mighty wedge of silver, blazing in the sunlight, and framed by the dense deep blue of the cloudless sky. We were on one of the great spurs of Mount Cook, and the monarch of the Southern Alps lay behind us in all his majesty and mystery.

We had breakfasted and smoked our pipes before the mountain mists had cleared enough to let us see where we were, and now we stood gazing, first at the view below us, and then at that above. But the majesty and mystery of the great mountain had laid a hold on my imagination, at least, and I felt as if I must see what lay behind the spur on which we stood, no matter at what expense of toil, or even of danger. Jim's cheerful "All right, I'm there!" convinced me that he too was under the same strange excitement of which I myself was conscious.

Our task, although severe, was not a long one, and in less than two hours we had forced our way through the bush that clothed the spur, and stood upon the ridge. Immediately before us rose the giant cone. Gleaming fields of dazzling white clothed its upper slopes, while huge cliffs of rock, jutting, black and rugged, through the snow, showed patches of glittering ice in their crevices that sparkled like diamonds in the sun. Now we saw that what we had taken for a spur seemed rather an outer range, between which and the mountain there still yawned a vast chasm. How deep it might be we could not guess, the dense screen of black birch so effectually shut out the view of what was below; but we would know. We tightened our swags upon our shoulders and began the long descent. Descents are proverbially easy, and this one, although rough, was no exception to the rule, yet it was more than an hour before we reached the bottom.

We had been travelling through a thick bush of black birch—the most dismal of New Zealand forest trees. The sombre foliage overhead shut out even the bright morning sun, and the black sooty-looking trunks and branches increased the dismal effect. Suddenly the bush came to an end, and we stood on open ground, dazzled by the blaze of sunlight and bewildered by the strange novelty of the scene.

For some minutes it seemed to me that we stood on the margin of a great river filling the bottom of the deep gorge, and flashing and blazing in the golden sunlight as it rushed on its headlong course. Closer observation showed me that I was mistaken. It was a river, indeed, but not such a river as I had ever seen before. With all the appearance of motion it did not move, or at least no motion was perceptible. At places smooth and glistening, like the strong current above a rapid, the eye could hardly convince itself that it was motionless. In others rough and turbed, rushing, apparently, round and past huge bowlders that lay heaped in its course. The ear unconsciously listened for the roar and tumult that seemed the necessary accompaniment to so wild a confusion of waters.

The stillness, deep, profound, deadly, alone served to dispel the illusion. A New Zealand forest, where not a bird sings, where scarcely an insect can be heard to hum, is almost frightful in its silence; but it is as nothing to the silence that reigned here. On the one side the sombre forest we had just left, sloping upward, dense and lifeless, to the sky-line—the blaze of hot sunlight failing to light its gray-green surface to one gleam of cheerfulness. On the other the lower slopes of the great mountain, rocky, rugged, and gray, with here and there a stunted bush clinging to the scanty soil, led the eye up and up, and upward still, until the rocks grew blacker, the gray merged into white, and the long, dazzling fields of snow stood out in sparkling silver against the deep soft blue of the sky beyond. And at the foot—the enchanted river! So wild and tumultuous in its form, so calm and immovable in its utter silence! As the eye followed its course onward and upward through the vast chasm through which it flowed, its majestic slope seemed the fitting approach to the seat of some mountain deity. So bright and yet so cold; so wild and yet so still.

It was not for some minutes that either Jim or I recovered sufficiently from the first overpowering impression to say anything, and even then we spoke in low tones, as if we feared to disturb that strange and solemn silence.

"That's what they call a glacier, isn't it?" said Jim at last.

"Yes, I suppose so—a river of ice," I replied, without taking my eyes off the strange yet lovely scene.

"Well, I'm glad I've seen it," he added, after a long pause, as he turned slowly away with a sigh as if of relief.

A little sentiment goes a long way with diggers, however, and in Jim's case and my own the awe-struck feeling soon wore off. We scrambled down over rocks and through stunted bushes till we reached the edge of the ice, and there we sat down and ate a hearty meal. Very soon the eternal stillness of the frozen river was broken, for the first time perhaps in all its long lonely history, by the sound of laughter, and even of a song, just sung, as Jim remarked, to try and get an echo out of the place.

Jim was not very successful in this, but the attempt served to dissipate the last feeling of almost superstitious oppression which the lonely majesty of the scene had at first created, and we proceeded to discuss our next proceedings. The sun was by this time blazing high overhead, and pouring floods of light and heat into the narrow gorge where we sat, and even without my watch I would have known it was about noon. This decided the discussion in my favor. My companion had been eager to ascend the ice river and explore its higher slopes, and it was only by representing that we were unprepared for such an expedition, and that we could not hope to do much in the daylight still at our disposal, that I got him to abandon the idea. At any rate we could explore the river's downward course. Looking at its direction, it appeared to turn westward as it flowed, and we finally agreed that we might as well follow its course as climb once more the wooded ridge we had just come down.

We knew nothing of mountain travelling, and when, after a rest, we resumed our swags once more and started on the surface of the ice, we were surprised to find it so difficult. Had the water been fluid instead of solid it could hardly have been less smooth and regular in its flow. For a few yards, indeed, it would be glassy smooth, and we had to pick our steps warily on its slippery surface. Then it would change to a succession of ripples, then to waves, and then again to billows tossed this way and that as if turned to stone at the moment of their wildest motion. Here and there, too, were huge bowlders thrown upon the crest of ridges of ice, and so rounded and polished on the surface that it was hard to resist the idea that they were ready at any moment to roll down the slope and crush us.

Slowly and laboriously we made our way down the long descent. There was not a breath of wind, and I have seldom felt the heat so oppressive. The ice on which we walked, instead of cooling, served only to cast back a glare of reflected sunshine that was almost intolerable, and the whole atmosphere of the mountain gorge seemed actually to swim and swelter in the distance with a hazy light.

It must have been somewhere between three and four o'clock when we reached a point where the ice river made a sudden bend to the west, and once more the glorious sea-view burst upon our sight. Looking ahead, we could trace the glacier but a little way between the densely wooded slopes that now closed it in. We were near the end. The ice, too, began to look different. Cracks showed themselves here and there upon the glassy surface, and even the feeling of the ice underfoot had something about it less firm and certain than before.

"Will this ice bear?" shouted Jim, who was somewhat behind me and nearer to the bank.

"Bear us, man?" I shouted, half turning my head. "Why, it's fifty feet thick if it's one!"

I had stepped onward as I looked behind, and suddenly—what was this? I was falling! Falling as men fall in dreams—so suddenly, so helplessly, so confusedly, that I had scarcely a thought of what had happened or was happening to me.

I had heard of men falling from great heights, and had often wondered what the feeling was like. Did they know what had happened? Were they terrified at the prospect of what was coming? For myself at least I can say that I had no thoughts at all. A wild feeling of utter vacancy, a nightmare sense of sinking, without a thought either of circumstances or consequences—and that was all. The ancient Romans and the modern people of Madagascar were alike mistaken in their ideas of the most severe form of capital punishment. The plunge from the Tarpeian Rock must have been the easiest of deaths. The prospect might be terrifying; the realization must have been, so far, at least, as suffering was concerned, merely trifling. It seemed long, however. Probably but a second or two had elapsed, yet it was in some ways like an experience of years. Sensation and not duration is the test of experience. The legend of Damocles embodied, after all, but a shallow idea, and the ever-suspended sword was but a short-sighted penalty. All that the victim suffered must have been suffered in the first half-hour or so. After that the inconvenience must have been about as trifling as a loose slate on the roof.

I may have been insensible for a time; I cannot say; but suddenly I found myself stretched on the ground. Yes, certainly it was ground which I touched when I put out my hand. I was confused and shaken, and for some moments I looked stupidly round me without any clear idea of where I was or how I came there. The scene was not one to remove my difficulty. It was not dark. Far from it. Light, the softest and most grateful to the eyes, was all around me as I lay; with some of the brightness of sunshine, indeed, but with a soft grayish-blue tint, like that of sunlight seen through an opal. It was like a dream, and I actually shook myself in the hope of shaking it off. I shut my eyes and reopened them, but it was still the same—the same soft blue-gray light, the same blue dome overhead, the same softly blue-gray walls around me. Slowly I raised myself to a sitting posture, and found that, thanks to my blanket swag, I was more shaken than hurt. I was seated on a slightly raised bank of earth and gravel squeezed and crushed into a consistency that looked like what as boys we used to call pudding-stone.

I was in a cavern. To right and left of me rose walls, perpendicular, or rather overhanging, of solid ice. Not such ice as I had seen before, but clear crystal ice. Sharp and clean-cut like the sides of a goblet, with a cold bluish tint and the brightness of burnished steel. Unconsciously my eyes followed them upward, higher and higher, and saw the deadly cold and deadly bright walls growing closer and closer, as it seemed, to each other, as they ascended. Right overhead there was an opening, so small it seemed but a slit, and I paused to wonder how I could have got through it. Yet the bright sunlight shone in a little way, and blazed and flashed on the crystal walls of my dungeon.

Till that moment I had been in a sort of stupor—seeing, indeed, but not comprehending, where I was or what had happened. The sight of the sunshine restored me. I had fallen through a crevasse. I was at the bottom of the great ice river of Mount Cook. Where was Jim? The thought flashed through my brain with a suddenness that was torture. Had he gone? Was I left to perish alone in this living grave? Quick as the thought I put my hands to my mouth, and seldom indeed has a shout so shrill, so heartfelt, or so prolonged come from human lips or throat. The effect was strange and startling. From side to side of the cavern it seemed to rebound, and to be repeated in a thousand echoes that died away at last in low tremulous whispers. I hesitated and shuddered. For a moment it seemed as if a thousand spirits of the place had taken up the mocking strain in derision of my agony. It was only for a moment, however. The greater terror absorbed all lesser fears. The dread of a fate so strange, so lonely, and so awful dwarfed every other fear by its magnitude. Again and again I shouted, heedless of the echoing mockery that resounded through those caves of silence and of ice. At last I stopped, out of breath, and then—yes, through the voices of all the thousand echoes I heard an answering shout.

The revulsion of feeling was overpowering. I fell on my knees and thanked God. It was but a sound, indeed—a distant sound. The human companionship of which it spoke might only too likely be powerless to assist my escape; but it *was* human. Slender as it was, it was a link to bind me to hope and to life.

The shout was repeated. The sound was thin and distant, but still it was unmistakably Jim's voice. And again I shouted in reply, as though my very life depended on the effort. Again, when I paused, I heard an answering shout, and this time more near. My eyes were fastened anxiously, desperately, on the thin strip overhead, where the sunlight poured in and penetrated a little way, through which, far, far up in the blue of heaven, I saw, or could fancy I saw, a planet shining dimly.

At last he found the spot. I could see his head framed in the vivid sunlight as he bent over and tried to peer downward into the dim light of my underworld.

"Jim!" I shouted. "Jim!"

The answering echoes seemed to puzzle him for a moment, and then his answer reached me—"Thank God! Charley, you're alive."

The effect was strange and ghostly. As his words fell, one by one, they seemed to spread and grow in volume, and then to glide away through cracks and passages in the solemn shuddering cadences of some vast whispering gallery, repeating the word "Alive!"

"Are you much hurt?" And again the ice caves whispered in solemn tones the final word as if with a shudder.

"No! For God's sake get help, Jim! It's my only chance."

"Is there no way of climbing?"

My eyes wandered round the cliffs that shut me in, and it was with a wild laugh that I replied: "Climb Jim! It's arched overhead."

He paused as if in thought, and then his next question came down reluctantly and solemnly from above. "How long do you think you can stand it?"

For a moment the question puzzled me. Strange as it may seem, as yet I had felt no cold. The spot was a prison—a ghastly unnatural prison, indeed, with its glittering walls, its thousand echoes, and its phantom lights—but the fact that it was an ice cavern had as yet made no impression on my senses. After a second or two his meaning dawned upon me, and I replied: "Oh, it's not so deadly cold! I can stand it well enough till help comes; only make haste."

"Right you are. Stand by, and I'll throw down my blankets." And in another moment Jim had rolled his rugs together and dropped the bundle through the rift in the ice. It came fluttering down, and I caught it before it reached the ground.

"Thank you, Jim," I shouted. "Now, for God's sake, make haste!"

"All right, Charley. Keep up your spirits. I won't be long in fetching help."

As he spoke his face vanished from the opening and the bright sun shone into it once more. To me it was more as if the sun had been eclipsed. "Help," the last word he had uttered, rolled round my cavern like the last deep note of an organ. It was taken up and cast back again from a thousand angles, and then it passed away and was lost in weird whisperings that echoed softly through a hundred rifts and galleries, and each one muttered, "Help."

He was gone! I knew he must go. I felt that his going was my only chance. But he was hardly gone when I was terrified. Would he reach help without a long delay? Could he make his way through our track again? Would he be able to find his way back? Had he—and at the sudden doubt great beads of perspiration started to my brow—had he marked the spot on the ice so that he would know it again? The doubt was agony; and I shouted his name with the wildness and the energy of a madman. It was too late! "Jim! Jim!" The icy walls of my prison shrieked the name with a thousand mocking voices; but though I listened as if every sensation had retreated to my ears, there came no answering voice. He was gone!

I sank down in despair. For the moment my imagination accepted as a fact the creation of my fears. He had gone, and I seemed to see him, in his excitement, dashing off across the ice without a thought of marking the fatal spot where I had fallen. I saw him struggling wildly through the forest till he reached the diggers' camp. I seemed to myself almost to hear him tell the story, and to see the excitement which it caused. Volunteers, I well knew, there would be in plenty; but the clew would be lost. The desolate uniformity of the frozen river rose again before my eyes, and I felt that unless well marked all search for my particular crevasse would be in vain. In vain! The word beat upon my brain like the tolling of a passing bell. How long I sat on the ground, my face buried in my hands, a prey to something like despair, I cannot tell; but at last I was aroused by a strange noise.

It was not loud, but searching. Far away in the distance it seemed to rise, and then to crawl along the ground with a slightly tremulous motion; grating, scratching, grinding, it crept on, rising to a strange unearthly murmur that rose and died away again amidst the ice passages like a sighing wind in a forest of pines.

I had not an idea what it could be, but I was conscious of a curious sensation of agitation and alarm. I rose to my feet, and, for the first time, looked carefully around me. The cavern in which I found myself was long but narrow, and I noticed that it seemed to stretch across the glacier, and not up and down the stream. It was perhaps twelve feet wide where I stood, but of considerable height, and there were here and there fissures and cracks stretching away in various directions, dark and mysterious, through the mass of solid ice. The walls were bluish-gray in color, and seemed to throw out a dull pale light from their angles—the dim reflection, no doubt, of the broken sun-rays from above. Underfoot the ground sloped rapidly across the cavern, and the earth and pebbles of which it was composed had been apparently squeezed to the consistency of a soft stone, which was rubbed and polished as if by the pressure of some gigantic weight in motion.

The sound which had alarmed me had ceased; and for the moment curiosity prevailed. There was abundance of light, though subdued and misty, like the diffused light of the sun on deep water. I touched the walls, and was startled at once by their deadly coldness, by their sharply defined angles and edges, and by the crystalline freshness of their cleavage. I looked vainly from wall to wall, some undefined idea of danger troubling my mind without being reduced to any distinct form. I stamped upon the floor; it was hard yet elastic, and was drawn into shallow furrows, or rather wrinkles, countless in number, but regular in direction, which was always across my strange apartment.

I listened, and presently I heard the sound of running water not far away. The very sound aroused a thirst I had not felt before, and I ventured a few yards in search of the stream. The water when I reached it was deadly cold. Having drunk a little, I returned to my station just below the fissure through which I had fallen. I unstrapped my bundle from my shoulders and sat upon it.

The deadly fear that had possessed me when Jim first left me had now given place to a dull sense of misfortune, and a sort of vague, half-stagnant curiosity as to the future.

I rested my head upon my hands and tried to think. How soon could help arrive? Would it really come at all? Or was I indeed doomed to a slow death by starvation and cold? As the last question crossed my mind I hastily looked up. It had grown darker, and when I looked overhead I saw that the sunlight no longer entered the opening. The sun was going down. Soon it would be dark. I rose hastily and paced my prison from side to side, restlessly and without aim, like the prisoner in his cell, like the wild beast in his cage.

Gradually the light waned. Little by little the blue-gray tints of the walls faded to a gloomy purple, and lost their glassy look. Overhead the white light grew gray, and seemed to recede to a greater distance. And far away above, but always more and more clearly, I could see that single star that had been visible even through the sunlight.

It was growing cold. I could feel it now. Perhaps excitement had made me unconscious of it hitherto; perhaps the withdrawal of sunlight really caused a great change. At any rate, I now felt it cold for the first time. I wrapped Jim's blankets and my own round me and began to walk up and down. It grew darker and darker. The edges and angles of the ice rocks grew indistinct and hazy. The crevices and hollows grew blacker and more mysterious. To my imagination the crevices began to assume the proportions of caverns, the hollows of abysses, and the darkness peopled them with forms. I argued with myself against the impression, but for a time, at least, I argued in vain. To the imagination the unknown is nearly always terrible.

I was never a nervous man, and a life of much adventure had made me even less so than was natural; yet now I could hardly command myself. I found myself peering anxiously into the darkness and imagining forms, vague yet terrible, watching me out of the hollows. I could see sparks, as if from fiery eyes, flashing from the deepest shadows. I grew bewildered, and at last almost stupefied. I believe I cried out in the agony of my overpowering sense of utter loneliness. As if in answer, there came again that strange unearthly sound I had heard before—creeping, scraping, grinding, in a dull slow combination that somehow made my blood run cold. I listened. I held my breath. The sound came towards me; reached me; passed away beyond me. It was not an earthquake; I had experienced many; yet the earth shook and trembled as it passed. I felt myself tremble also, and great beads of perspiration stood on my brow. I was so helpless. I might gaze, but there was nothing to see. I might cry out; there was no human ear to hear.

I wrapped my head in the blanket and cowered on the ground. For the first time in all my recollection I was a prey to fear—helpless, overpowering fear.

How long I sat, stupefied and torpid, I cannot guess. It must have been for hours, I think; but at last I grew calmer. I looked up to find it no longer dark. High overhead where the sunlight had poured in there was light once more. It was moonlight, and through the gap overhead a dozen stars looked down. It is only the strange and the unknown that are terrible. It is no doubt absurd to dream of the sympathy of stars, and yet in that terrible hour they came to me as friends. I knew them.

The moonlight, bright as it was overhead, did not penetrate as the sunlight had done. Only a misty brightening of the air reached the spot where I sat. In the dim and shadowy half-light the ice walls round me looked closer and more threatening than imagination had painted them on the blackness of night. Yet I felt more calm. The first terror of the unknown had passed away, and my mind had resumed some at least of its functions. I was resolved that I would no longer be cheated into terror. It was cold. I would walk to warm myself. It was strange and ghostly. I would touch each spot that held a fancied form of terror.

I sprang to my feet and stepped to the side of the cavern. A single step, and I touched it with my hand. Surely it was not so near before! I paused for an instant, my hand still in contact with the icy-cold surface.

Again, far up the mountain, the weird, unearthly sound arose. I stood motionless as if bound by a spell. It came on towards me. I could feel the solid ice wall tremble and shiver as it came. It reached me. I felt myself driven before it. It was not a blow; it was hardly a push; it was like an irresistible repulsion before which I fell back. I felt myself go. I knew I had stepped backwards, yet still the cold glassy wall was before me. Still my hand was pressed against its icy surface. In a moment, as if by an instinct, I sprang to the opposite side. A step, and I reached it. Cold, glassy, immovable as the mountain itself.

It was true, then. The river of ice was in motion, and I was doomed. I looked upwards. The white, glittering moonlight sparkled still on the edges of the fatal crevasse. The quiet stars gazed down upon me calmly as before. The blood surged upward to my brain in one mighty stream. I staggered, and I knew no more.

Slowly I came to myself. I was dimly conscious of a mighty roaring sound like that of the ocean on the western beach. Again I seemed borne away, and sound and consciousness disappeared together. Again I recovered consciousness. I felt a dim sense of warmth, and fitfully, confusedly, I could make out a sound of human voices. Then there came over me a burning agony that tore and scorched me, but when it passed I was conscious.

Slowly I opened my eyes; feebly I tried to raise my head. It was not a dream. Sunlight, bright, dazzling, blazing sunlight was pouring over and around me as I lay. Bronzed, weather-beaten, bearded but kindly faces stared at me with wondering eyes. Some one was chafing my hand between his own. He stopped, and I felt a big warm drop fall upon it, while a voice, husky, but with a glad ring in its tones, exclaimed:

"Thank God! old man. Anyhow you've had a cool Christmas."

WILLIAM A. ROGERS.

In the year 1881 a volume was published which at once by common consent took its place among the juvenile classics, a position which it has easily held for fourteen years, the record of public libraries, a most excellent test of the present popularity of books, showing that it stands to-day near the head of the list of the books having the greatest circulation. This volume, like one which preceded it in England, and which, though of a somewhat different gender, was yet like it in being one which hereafter must find a place in the library of every child, was extremely fortunate in its illustrator; for what Sir John Tenniel did for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, that W. A. Rogers did for *Toby Tyler, or Six Weeks in a Circus*.

Sir John Tenniel (he was not Sir John then, by-the-way) had behind him the record of long years of achievement when he illustrated *Alice in Wonderland*, beginning with his winning a prize in the cartoon competition for the decoration of Westminster Hall in 1845, through his illustrations of *The Ingoldsby Legends* and other books, to his well-known work on *Punch*. It was his pencil which made the world so familiar with Disraeli's figure, and showed in deft line something of the character of that most startling and dramatic of politicians in *Punch's* clever cartoons.

The elder draughtsman stood *facile princeps* among England's cartoonists when he illustrated his juvenile classic. The younger won his spurs by his work on *Toby Tyler*, but stands to-day without a rival in this country in the very line of work which brought Tenniel his knighthood on the other side of the water.

Premising, then, that the work of a political cartoonist is very special in its character; that he is born and not made; that he must feel his work and believe in it; that it requires something more than a clever caricaturist or a deft draughtsman; that he must be more than an instrument in the hands of others; that he must have quick perceptions and a keen sense of humor; that the work of John Leech in this line stands near high-water mark, the volume of his political cartoons summarizing the political history of his day, some of them, like his picture of Lord John Russell chalking up "No Popery" on the door of Cardinal Wiseman and then running away, depicting in a single sketch a whole political situation—premising this, let our artist tell his own story.

"I was born," he says, knocking the ashes from his cigarette, "in Springfield, Ohio, May 23, 1854. My father was Judge William A. Rogers. His practice as a lawyer in the courts of Ohio brought him into contact with Tom Corwin, Judge A. P. Russell, (the author of *Library Notes*), Judge Jeremiah Wilson, and Salmon P. Chase, who were his friends and visited him at Springfield. My mother was the daughter of George Smith, an English farmer, a friend and disciple of Wilberforce. He came to this country in 1833, and settled near the Ohio River in Kentucky, where he and his sons be-

came engaged in the underground railroad system of helping slaves to escape to Canada.

"My mother was an enthusiastic amateur in painting, and my father frequently spoke in public, in those early days, of art and the importance of its cultivation. When I was about four years old my mother gave me lessons in drawing. At sixteen I went to Cincinnati to learn wood-engraving. From Cincinnati I went to Worcester, to the School of Technology for a year, and from there to New York, where I worked for a while making working drawings for a chandelier factory. In 1872 I began to draw for the New York *Graphic*, and secured a place on its staff, where I worked for a year on what is technically called 'news-work.'

"All sorts of artistic work, as, indeed, most all other work, were dull in New York in 1873, and I went West again, and worked as a bookkeeper for two years. Oh, dear me, no! I had no idea of giving it up. It simply gave me up for the time, and I had to find something else to do. In 1876 I came back to New York, and went on to the staff of the *Graphic* again, doing news-work.

"In 1877 I went into the employ of the Harpers. I did some book illustrating, mostly boys' books. I think perhaps *Toby Tyler* gave me a wider audience than I had before. My first political cartoons were done for HARPER'S WEEKLY in the Garfield campaign, and the first of them was called the 'Transfusion of Blood,' and represented the chairman of the Democratic committee trying to infuse life into the dying Democracy from the arms of brawny Hancock.

"Do I think that the cartoon influences public sentiment? Well, I think that it expresses it, and in that way strengthens it. Unjust cartoons do not, I fancy, have much effect.

"I should think that the cartoon had a wider field here than in England. To be sure, the permanence in office of their prominent men in political life is an aid to the cartoonist; but the sense of humor is strong in the American people, and their interest in public affairs is keen. Our nation started out with a political cartoon on its banner—the rattlesnake with head uplifted. 'Don't tread on me,' its motto.

"The political cartoon expresses a situation, or is the exponent of the strong personality of an individual. For the first, see this cartoon by Leech, showing the invasion of England by the French light wines, and see the dismay of John Bull, as a brewer's driver mounted on a cask of beer! This when under a new treaty French wines were admitted to England on cheaper terms.

"For the second, see this cartoon by Tenniel, 'Mose in Egitto,' Disraeli with the key of India, the Suez Canal in his hand, winking at the Sphinx.

"Of course strong individuality is a temptation to the cartoonist. Thus James G. Blaine was inevitably a favorite figure, and nowadays—well, there is something in David Bennett Hill that attracts the pencil of the cartoonist.

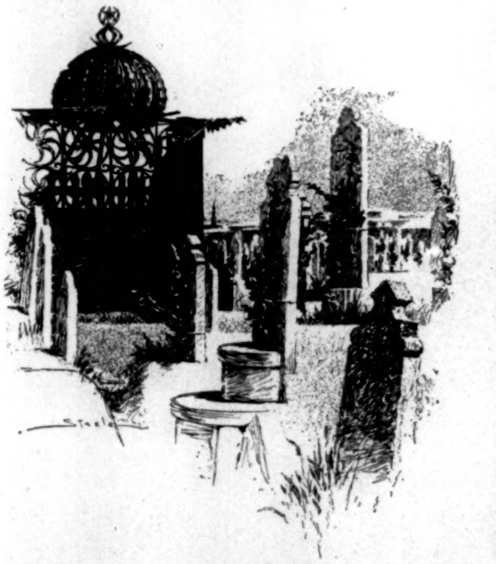
"Yes, I like the work, and am thoroughly in earnest in it. I don't think that I could draw a cartoon which went counter to my personal feeling and judgment."

WALTER LEARNED.

DAMASCUS AND THE SYRIAN PILGRIMAGE.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

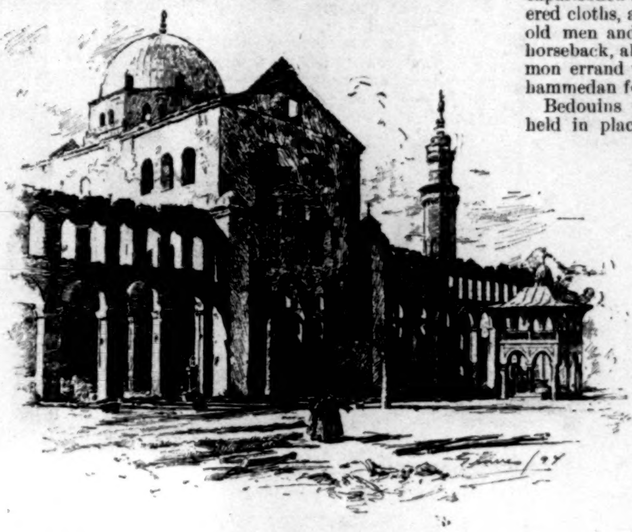
WE had finished dinner, and were smoking our pipes in the cool balcony, with its pointed stone arches, overlooking the road to Shtôra, when a train of four large wooden-covered wagons or cars, each drawn by a team of six well-built mules and escorted by a company of Turkish soldiers, drew up in front of the inn and made preparation for their night's halt. It was the money-train sent each year by the Sultan from Constantinople to Mecca, and the wagons were loaded with silver coin to be used for the benefit of the pilgrims who should make their way to the holy shrine. The mules were quickly led away to the stables, little fires were lighted near the baggage-wagons, and soon the whole party, with the exception of three or four of the soldiers who stood on guard, were enjoying a savory stew of rice and chopped meat. After dinner, one by one, they climbed in turn to the flat roofs of the money-wagons, and spreading their rugs, and turning their faces in the direction of Mecca, their dark figures were silhouetted against the stables opposite as they



TOMBS DECORATED DURING FEAST OF BEIRAM.

fell to their knees and silently performed the genuflections of Mohammedan prayer. This was our first glimpse of the great Syrian pilgrimage, which leaves Damascus each year in the month of Shawwâl, which follows the fast of Ramadan, and makes its way painfully, slowly, and laboriously over the more than nine hundred miles of desert which lie between Damascus and Mecca.

Leaving Shtôra in the morning, we crossed the beautiful valley of the Lebanons, gay with wild flowers and fresh spring verdure, and set in the midst of the great arena of unreal-looking blue mountains with white summits, which have the appearance of being painted in on the background for theatrical purposes. A few miles to the north of us is Kerak Nûh, where the tomb of the patriarch Noah is shown. The grave in which the ancient mariner lies is more than one hundred and thirty feet long; but even this extreme longitude does not satisfy the Arab guides, who evidently believe that there were great men in those days, and maintain that if the patriarch had not been buried with his knees bent and his feet extending downward, his grave would not be less than one hundred and fifty feet in length.



THE BURNED OMAYYADE MOSQUE.

Further to the north, curving gracefully through the valley like a white ribbon, is the road to Baalbek. We climb the steep slopes of the Anti-Lebanons, roll along through a wild cañon, and finally descend rapidly towards the Wady Barada, or valley of the Abana.

As we approach Damascus the waters of the Barada are divided and led away through many channels, and numerous conduits at different levels convey the water to all parts of the city. On our left, at the back of the village of Es-Sâlahîyeh, rises the barren Jebel Kâsiûn, where Adam is supposed to have lived, and where, according to Arab tradition, the body of the murdered Abel was hidden in a cavern.

Presently we pass an old mill to the right, and then the road leads for a long distance between pleasant gardens, where drowsy Arabs are contentedly smoking their narghilehs in the shade of the citron and pomegranate trees near the banks of the rushing stream, and then a turn in the road reveals the distant minarets and the white-domed khans of Damascus gleaming in the sunlight. As we go on we pass on our right the Merj, a large open field on the bank of the Abana, where Arab, Bedouin, and Turkish riders are exhibiting their wonderful horsemanship in the game of throwing the djerîd. Finally we pass the Tekkîyeh, an old dervish monastery, and draw up in front of a small hotel with stucco walls and a very uninviting-looking exterior, and our journey for the day is over.

Towards the close of Ramadan, the month of fasting, Damascus begins to take on a holiday appearance, and the bazars are crowded with strange people from the deserts, and pilgrims who have come to join the caravan, which starts about a week after the three days' feast of Beiram is over.

The principal bazars are in the "Street called Straight," a long covered roadway with an arched roof, leading from the citadel to the old city wall, near to the house of Ananias, and to the place where St. Paul is supposed to have made his escape from Damascus. From this street narrow arteries lead in every direction, all peopled with the picturesque crowd, from the Shêkh in silk kaftan to the beggar in sack-cloth, or the tattooed, unveiled Bedouin woman from the desert, all buying or begging something to make merry with in the coming three days' feast. Venders of merchandise of every description are crying their wares in shrill voices. A man selling cresses cries, "Eat of my cresses, O ye old women, and become young again"; while a flower-seller points to a bouquet and says, "Sâlih hamâtak," which means, "Appease your mother-in-law."

On the last day of Ramadan the street is filled with green boughs of every variety, which are eagerly bought by the women, who go in great numbers to the cemeteries and deck the graves with them, as it is customary at this season for the relations of the dead to visit the graves and tombs and to make their prayers for the souls of the departed. People of wealth erect handsome tents over the graves which they visit, to protect themselves from the hot sun. Refreshments are served, and the whole cemetery wears a gala look.

The children come in for their share of the general festivities in Beiram, and decked like their elders, in the gayest of new gowns, they gorge themselves with ices and sweets in the bazars, drink sweetened and colored waters from long-necked bottles, and ride about the streets in queer little wagons bedecked with flags and streamers, pushed by good-natured Syrians.

The great Omayyade Mosque, in the building of which the genii are said to have assisted the twelve hundred artists who were summoned from Constantinople for the great work, and for which antique columns and rarest marbles were brought from all the ancient temples of Syria, was burned in the autumn of 1893, but the court-yard is still intact, and during Ramadan and Beiram is thronged with devout Moslems who have come in answer to the shrill cry of the muezzin, who, high up in one of the graceful minarets, is repeating his "Allahu Akbar"—Allah is great—and testifying to the greatness of Mohammed. The minaret at the southeast corner bears the name of Mâdinet 'Isâ, from the ancient tradition that at the last judgment day Jesus will take his place on its summit to judge the world. At the side of the mosque are the ruins of the goldsmith's bazar, which, with its rich stores of curiously wrought silver and gold, was entirely destroyed by the fire which ruined the great mosque.

Eumer Ruschdi Pacha, the Mushir or Turkish Military Governor of Damascus, holds a high levee at the end of Ramadan; and later, when the pilgrims are ready to start to Mecca, he directs the ceremonies and sees the rich embroidered hangings for the Kaaba, together with a Koran and the green flag of the Prophet, carefully disposed in the magnificently draped camel litter in which they are to be conveyed to Beit Allah (the house of God), the holy mosque at Mecca.

When the pilgrims start they go out of the gate called Bawwâbet Allah, or God's Gate, and the long procession of thousands of devout Moslems of all ranks moves slowly along the Meidân, a long street which leads through the suburbs of Damascus to the route to Mecca. In front are the Turkish officers and the military band, then the richly caparisoned camel bearing the litter containing the embroidered cloths, and then thousands of pilgrims of all degrees—old men and young men, beggars on foot and princes on horseback, all bound to the mother of cities on the one common errand which has been the duty of every faithful Mohammedan for thirteen hundred years.

Bedouins from the desert, with their dark head-shawls held in place by a thick coil of camel's-hair wound twice round their heads, riding beautiful Arab horses guided only by a rope halter; Kurd shepherds; Arabs on dromedaries; Druses of high rank with snowy-white turbans, armed with long lances, silver-handled pistols, curved swords, or long-barrelled guns with richly ornamented stocks; wild-looking men from the desert with unkempt locks and restless eyes, and grotesque camel litters, covered with colored cloths, carrying pilgrims too wealthy or too weak to walk. Many go out of the gate never to return, having put off their pilgrimage until old age or disease has so weakened them that they are unable to endure the hardships of the desert trip, but succumb on the way, happy, however, in the belief that he who dies on the pilgrimage is immediately transported to that Paradise where sparkling fountains flow in the midst of green gardens filled with golden fruit, and where beautiful houries with eyes like sloes wait upon the faithful.

And so this great procession passes out of the city, watched by the women from the house-tops until it becomes a mere cloud of dust in the desert; and when the setting sun has halted them for the night, its last rays fall upon thousands of dark-robed figures, with their faces toward Mecca, bending their heads to the yellow sand, and thanking Allah that one day of their pilgrimage is accomplished, and that they are one day's march nearer to the sacred shrine.

GENERAL JAMES W. FORSYTH.

GENERAL JAMES W. FORSYTH, just appointed Brigadier-General in the regular army, has had a varied and distinguished career. He derived his marked soldierly traits by descent and education.

Born and reared in Ohio, he early sought and secured an appointment as cadet at the Military Academy. After graduating he received his first commission as Second Lieutenant Ninth United States Infantry, in 1856, since which time his service has been continuous. At the outbreak of war he was on duty in Washington Territory, but on his appointment as First Lieutenant Eighteenth Infantry, sailed without delay, and reached New York in October, 1861.

Promoted Captain in a few days, he was, by reason of peculiar fitness, made Instructor of Volunteers, and did excellent work till the following spring, performing the duties of Colonel and Brigadier-General.

When relieved he was assigned as Acting Assistant Inspector-General to the Provost-Marshal-General, and was attached to the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac till April, 1863. As aide-de-camp to General McClellan, he participated in all the operations and battles of the peninsula and Maryland campaigns, being present at Gaines's Mill, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, and Antietam.

He was brevetted for gallantry at Chickamauga, and remained at Chattanooga during the siege, playing a distinguished part at Missionary Ridge.

Forsyth was ordered in 1864 to report to General Sheridan, commanding the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, and was appointed by him Lieutenant-Colonel and Inspector-General of that corps, as well as Chief of Staff, on April 19, 1864. Henceforth his services to his chief and to his country were of the most important and valuable character. The equipment, the material, the *personnel*, and the general efficiency of the cavalry corps suddenly assumed a marked excellence, which they retained till the end, and which led to such brilliant and decisive results.

After participating in many battles of the last campaign, Forsyth saw the surrender at Appomattox on April 9th, and on the return of peace he was mustered out as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and appointed Major Tenth United States Cavalry. In 1865, '66, and '67 he was Acting Inspector-General to Sheridan while he commanded in the South, with headquarters at New Orleans, and in '68 and '69 was Inspector-General of the Department of the Missouri.

Throughout the winter of 1868-9 he was in the field against the Comanche, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and Kiowa Indians. As Lieutenant-Colonel, and aide-de-camp to the Lieutenant-General, he accompanied the latter to Europe by authority of the United States, and, as guest of the King of Prussia, witnessed many of the great battles of the campaigns of 1870-71.

He took part in the Sioux expedition organized at Fort Laramie in 1874, but remained on Sheridan's staff till promoted Lieutenant-Colonel First Cavalry in April, 1878, holding the position of Military Secretary the last five years.

Having assumed command of his regiment at Fort Walla Walla, Wyoming Territory, in July, 1878, he led it the same day into the field against hostile Indians, and compelled the savages to return to their reservation.

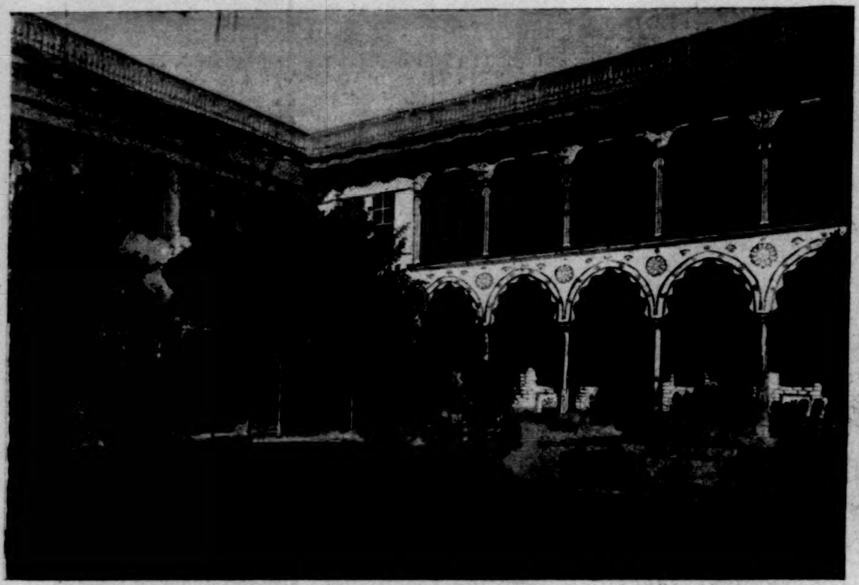
His former chief recalled him to his staff in November, 1880, and from that time till just before his promotion he served as Inspector-General of Cavalry in the Division of the Missouri.

In June, 1886, he was promoted Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry, and thenceforth to the present moment has devoted himself to the interests and welfare of that regiment.

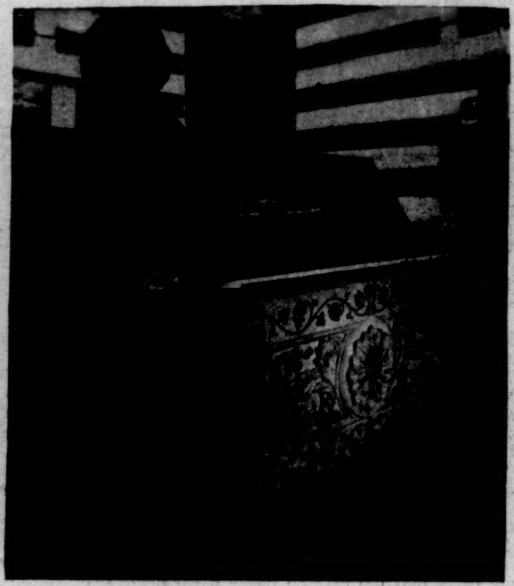
In 1892 he organized the United States Cavalry and Light-Artillery School at Fort Riley, Kansas, and the government may well congratulate itself on the prosperous state of this institution.

General Forsyth was brevetted in the regular army Major for gallantry at Chickamauga, Lieutenant-Colonel for gallantry at Cedar Creek, Colonel for gallantry at Five Forks, and Brigadier-General for gallant service in the field during the war.

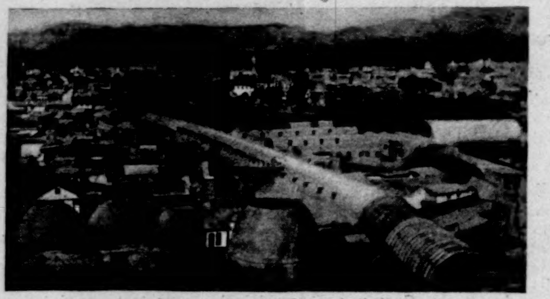
JOHN C. GRESHAM,
Captain Seventh Cavalry.



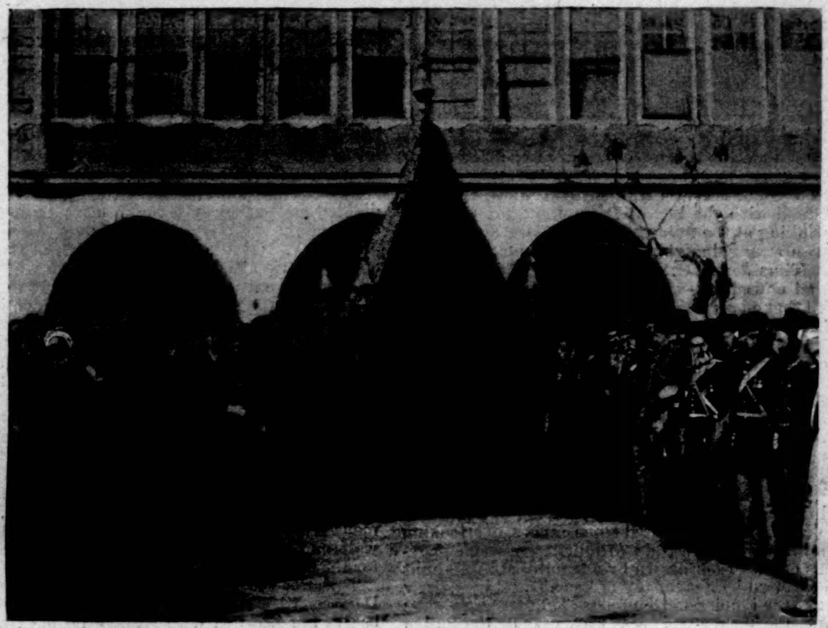
THE HOUSE OF SHAMYEH, IN THE CHRISTIAN QUARTER.



TOMB OF SALADIN IN DAMASCUS.



VIEW OF DAMASCUS FROM THE GARBIYEH MINARET OF THE GREAT MOSQUE.

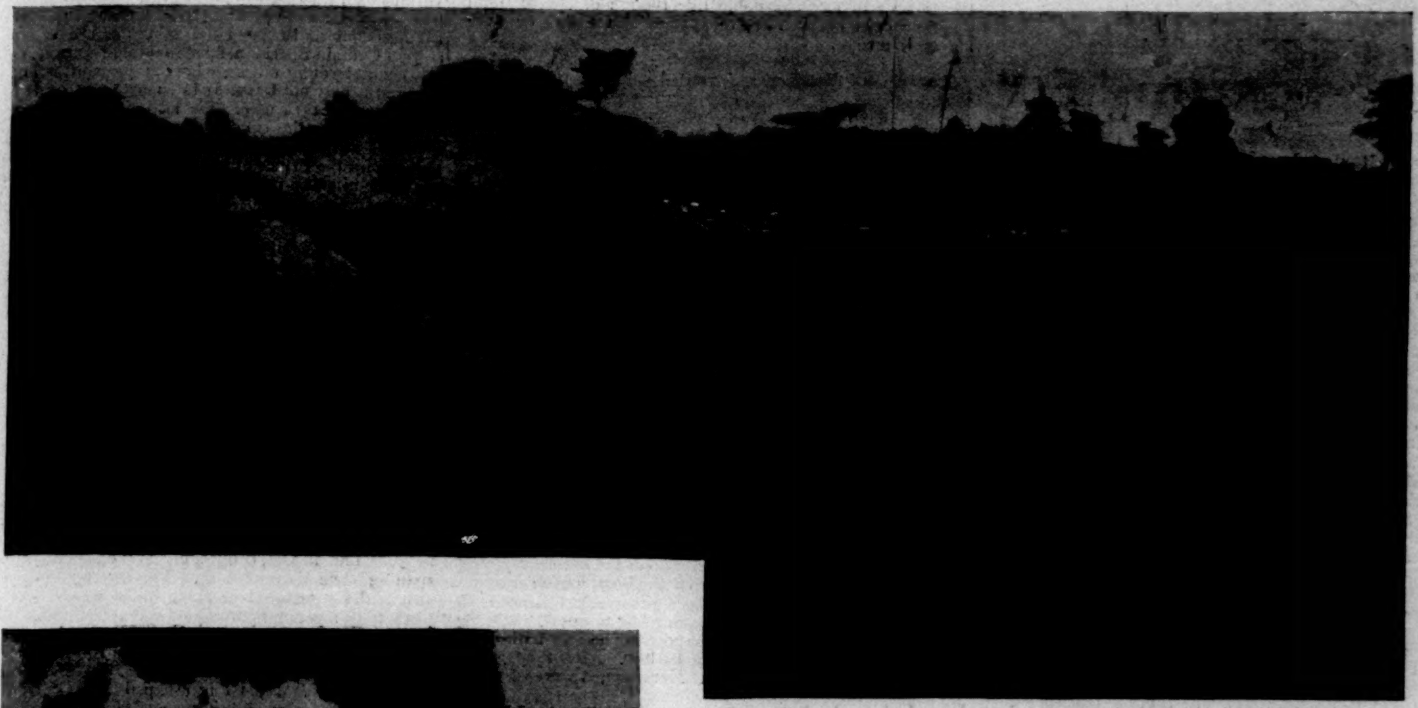


THE CAMEL LITTER WITH THE EMBROIDERED CLOTHS FOR MECCA.

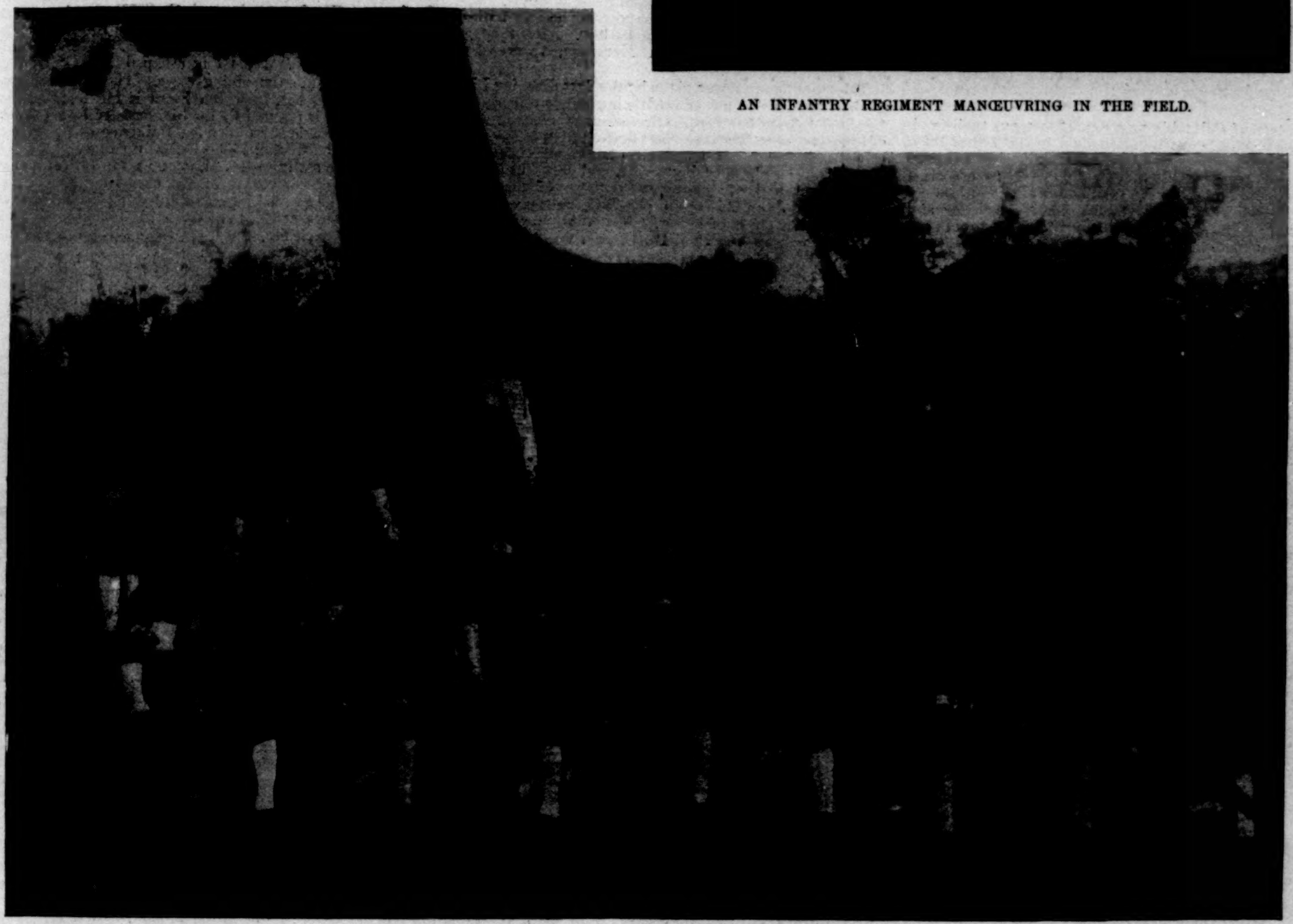
A STORY-TELLER IN A DAMASCUS GARDEN.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM DAMASCUS FOR MECCA—THE PROCESSION OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE CITY.

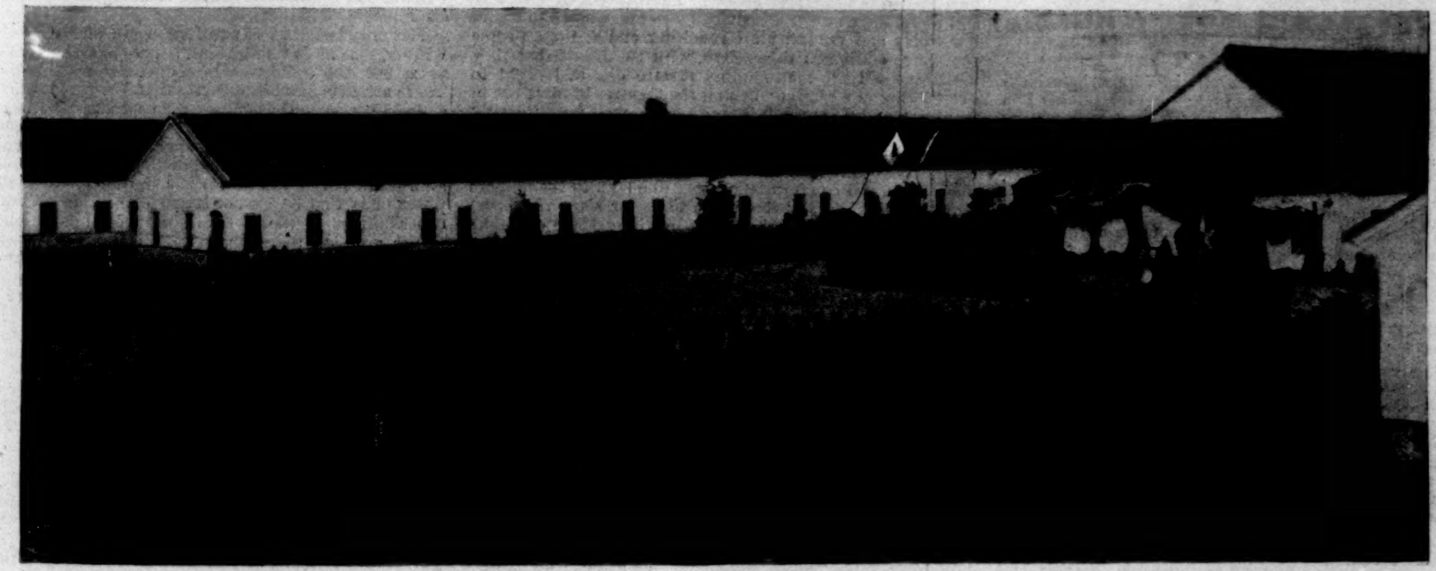
DAMASCUS AND THE SYRIAN PILGRIMAGE.—[See Page 1211.]



AN INFANTRY REGIMENT MANŒUVRING IN THE FIELD.



A DETACHMENT OF JAPANESE INFANTRY.



REVIEW BEFORE A SHRINE IN A BARRACK YARD.

GLIMPSES OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIER.—[See "Has China a Fighting Chance?" Page 1215.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Dr. Conan Doyle's impressions of nine weeks' travel in the United States, as extracted from him by able interviewers on the eve of his departure, made a column or two of interesting talk. He liked Philadelphia in spite of its City Buildings, and happening to be there the night of the Princeton-Pennsylvania football game, he was surprised not to find it the slow place he had heard it called. He liked American railroads, but justly condemned our national system of overheating cars. He found Washington interesting, but omitted to call on the President, to whom he had letters, because it was the day after election. As if the President would not have been glad on that day to see any visitor who could change the subject of conversation! He liked American clubs, and disliked the American fashion of stand-up drinks in saloons. He liked the elevated roads in New York, but complained, strange to say, that our metropolis was not so effectually noisy as London. He approved of the exhibition of the American girl at the Horse Show in New York. He thought well of American hotels, though he found the servants in them slow, and our tipping system somewhat more costly than that in England. New York policemen he thought far too despotic, and Chicago street cars very much too crowded. Next to Philadelphia he liked Indianapolis, from which it is natural to infer that while there he must have met Riley, the good Hoosier poet. He did not see the Yale-Harvard football game, and did not say how it compared with his notion of Iroquois warfare as described in *The Refugees*.

Dr. Doyle left very agreeable impressions behind him as a modest, companionable, and entertaining British story-teller.

The trustees of Columbia now expect to move their institution to its new home at Bloomingdale in the fall of 1897. By that time, it is expected, the necessary new buildings will be ready for occupation. To begin with, there must be a library and at least four smaller buildings—to be devoted to chemistry and metallurgy, natural science and physics, engineering and architecture, and the school of arts. Intending benefactors, who are disposed to give either of these buildings to the college, will be cordially received by the trustees. Two of the smaller buildings have already been furnished.

That interesting sociological experiment, the Provident Loan Association, has made a report of its first half-year's work, which seems to justify the hope of its promoters. It started on May 21st, with a working capital of $100,000. By September 5th the whole of that sum had been loaned out, and the officers of the association borrowed $40,000 more, with which to continue their business. The loans made up to November 30th amounted to $195,040 50, of which $65,307 had been paid back, and $129,733 50 was still outstanding. The repayments are satisfactory to the management, who are so well pleased with the working of their charity that they want $100,000 more to use in its business. This additional sum they think they can loan without any considerable increase in their running expenses, and they feel warranted in hoping to pay six per cent. interest to their investors. Larger profits than six per cent. their charter forbids them to pay.

The New York *Herald* reports that Professor Langley's Smithsonian Institute aeroplane is making progress toward perfection, and is taken out almost weekly now for field experiments. The experiment as described consists of letting the machine fly a little ways and noting its defects. To have brought a flying-machine to a point where it will demonstrate its defects in the air is certainly to have made important progress. Professor Langley borrows the tactics of Brer Rabbit. What he wishes is to construct a vehicle that will really navigate the air, and not one that will merely sail in the newspapers.

The Society of Artists in Buffalo has taken to itself new quarters in the Buffalo Library Building, where its rooms were recently opened (November 30th) by a reception to Mr. Hitchcock, the artist, and a show of some of his paintings, in connection with an exhibition of bookbindings and book-plates.

A recent census of the trees on Boston Common gives 1370, of which 1158 are elms. All of them might with propriety have worn a mourning-badge for Dr. Holmes. He immortalized the Common, and he was all his life a lover of American elms, especially big ones.

As an instance of how poor people in Vienna hate bicyclists, it is recorded in a fugitive foreign paragraph that in a remote suburb of that town two workmen, encouraged by a large crowd, stood in ambush near a bridge, and in course of half an hour knocked sixteen bicyclists off their machines. Such a story sounds odd to readers in America, where the bicycle is generally held to be a device for ameliorating the inconvenience of straitened means. New bicycles of the latest pattern are still expensive in this country, but second-hand machines are so cheap already, and are getting cheaper so fast, that a family that cannot afford some sort of bicycle conveyance is entitled to think itself very far down in its luck. In this country it is the humble and penurious who ride bicycles. How different from ours must be the conditions of a land where bicycle exercise is held to be an ostentatious exhibition of luxury and pride!

The success of what a contemporary journal calls the Round Table's "bench show of authors," suggests the great possibilities for edification and profit that there would be in a bench show of football-players. Thousands of newspaper readers who do not go to football matches have the greatest curiosity to know what the really eminent football-players are like. They read conflicting stories about them, some journals enlarging on their manliness, others on their brutality; some saying that football is a virile pastime that does young men good, others that it is more demoralizing than the prize-ring was in its palmiest days. They would be glad to pay twenty-five or even fifty cents to go in and look at a collection of players, and determine for themselves what manner of young men they are, and what effect the game has as they illustrate it. Captain Hinkey alone would make the fortune of any charitable fair, though of course timid people would not venture to look at him unless he were shown in a cage.

Ever since colleges were invented it has been a favorite trick of undergraduates to cripple the college bell, that being considered an exploit of great gallantry, and one especially destructive to the peace of mind of the college faculty. That the college bell should not ring when its time came has seemed, on the whole, about the best joke on the authorities that the undergraduate mind could devise, and it has devised it with great regularity these many generations. It is interesting to learn that the faculty of Yale have at last succeeded in quenching this particular development of undergraduate humor. Last summer the clapper of the Yale bell was sawed out and stolen for the something hundredth time, and it has not been replaced. Yale students have to get to recitations now on their own responsibility. No bell calls them. It has ceased to be a joke. The Yale men do not like it. Five hundred of the upper class men lately petitioned the faculty to restore the bell, but their request was refused, the answer being that the bell was liable to constant misadventure, and the students did not need it.

The banquets lately given in Chicago in honor of Paul Du Chaillu were occasions of great interest to all Americans of Scandinavian descent. At the first banquet given in his honor in Chicago by John Anderson, proprietor of the *Skandinaven*, the leading Scandinavian paper of the country, sixty-two guests sat down together. One feature of the entertainment was thoroughly Scandinavian. Charming young ladies, friends of the daughter of the host, waited in evening dress upon the guests. The sight is said to have been most charming as they flitted from guest to guest, while the Racket and Mandolin Club, composed of young ladies and young men, played in one of the parlors. After the feast an impromptu concert took place. Norse songs were rendered by some of the ladies.

The other banquet was given by the Scandinavian Literary Club of Chicago as a token of their appreciation of Mr. Du Chaillu's literary labors upon Scandinavian themes. On both of these occasions Scandinavians flocked from different States of the Union to do Mr. Du Chaillu honor, among them Governor Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, and several members of the present and of the next Congress of Scandinavian birth. Mr. John Anderson presided, and proposing the health of the guest of honor, said that wherever the Norse language was spoken Paul Du Chaillu was beloved by the people.

The Manchester (England) Canal, which cost seventy millions, paid $420,000 as the receipts of the first eleven months it was in operation. As this sum was seventeen per cent. less than the canal's working expenses, its stockholders are discouraged. Competing railways have cut down their rates to such a point that the canal does scarcely any business, so that while it is perfectly successful as a means of reducing the cost of carrying goods to and from Manchester, it is just at present a sore disappointment as a source of revenue to its stockholders. E. S. Martin.

"ROB ROY."

Messrs. De Koven & Smith are public benefactors, and therefore deserve well of their countrymen. They are students of human nature, and they have an understanding of the public taste which is creditable to them because so few other purveyors of comic opera have had it. They have observed that the theatre-goers of this land are not all lovers of horse-play and vulgarity. They have had the courage to produce work that is refined, and it is a pleasure to note that they are receiving their reward. It is generally believed that a theatrical manager knows more about what kind of an entertainment the public is athirst for than a mere writer of librettos or a person of musical attainments; but if the stuff that, in the name of comic opera, has of late years been brought before the public is fairly representative of the managerial knowledge of what people like, a dispassionate observer may well find himself quoting the late lamented Josh Billings, who once said that it is better not to know anything than to know so much that isn't so. Of course there are many and widely diverse tastes that have to be considered. There is doubtless a large element among the patrons of the theatre who consider the height of comedy reached when De Wolf Hopper falls flat on his back and bumps his head on the floor. Thousands of people have undoubtedly laughed themselves into tears at beholding Francis Wilson falling down stairs; we have even met one person who considered the vulgarity of the *Gaiety Girl* worthy of approbation; but Messrs. De Koven & Smith have looked beyond these people. They have seen that, here and there, there may be discovered men and women to whom horse-play and vulgarity are revolting, and to these people they have addressed themselves, with the result that they are filling a large metropolitan theatre day and night to overflowing at a season when all the theatres in town are in full blast, and do not find it necessary to wait until the silly season when half the theatres are closed to coax people into their lair. For this compliment to intelligence they are receiving the fullest honors which intelligence can confer upon them, and congratulations are due both to the authors and to the public, and those who have for some time past been deploring the decadence of something, stage or public taste—they knew not which—are becoming more hopeful for the future.

The authors of *Rob Roy* made their first notable step in the right direction in their joint production of *Robin Hood*—a work of great merit, which met with deserved approbation. They have now given us *Rob Roy* as an evidence of their intention to continue the good work so well begun. The story of the opera is simple, with a sufficient basis in historical fact to make it interesting. It deals with the incident of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," the Pretender, and the efforts of the Scottish clans under the leadership of Rob Roy and the Cameron of Lochiel to place him upon the throne. The romantic element is furnished by the Stuart and the martial Flora MacDonald; Rob Roy and Lochiel supply the warlike factors needed, while the comedy is furnished unstintedly by Dugald McWheeble, the Mayor of Perth, a worthy person who fights for both sides with equal reluctance, and a certain town crier, Sandy MacSherey by name, who fancies himself a relative many times removed, by time, marriage, and fate, of Mary, Queen of Scots. Assisting these last are the Jamies (a happy invention of the librettist), who indulge in much excellent fooling, and other minor characters drawn from the constituency of Mayor McWheeble. For picturesque effects Mr. Smith has introduced the followers of the various clan leaders, who, clad in the various plaids of their respective clans, are pleasant to look upon; and a very graceful regiment of British redcoats under the valiant leadership of Captain Sheridan, a magnanimous, brave, and highly sentimental young officer, whose stage-work is not so arduous that it may not be safely intrusted to a female impersonator, Miss Anna O'Keefe. The latter is in pursuit of the Pretender, and for the sake of dramatic situations and humor manages to mistake three or four extremely unroyal-looking persons for the Prince at various times. Once in the second act he manifests a degree of intelligence quite on a par with his personal attractiveness and great courage by arresting the right party; but in view of the exigencies which require a third act in a De Koven opera, he is led to believe that he has made another mistake, and marches off with Flora MacDonald, who has donned the clothes of the Prince, and who loves him well enough to risk her head that he may live, forgetting, perhaps, that, prince like, he was probably fickle, and would before the occasion of his next arrest find some other fair lady who could be counted upon to perform a similar service for him. This gives the opera a new lease of life, and enables Mr. De Koven to work in his third act, which, we understand, he believes to be an essential of success despite the Gilbert & Sullivan idea that two suffice. Previous to this episode the battle of Cullóden has been fought off in the wings, in which the ladylike British troops under the guidance of the shapely and womanly Captain Sheridan, if appearances indicate anything, give the Highlanders a frightful mauling, covering them with humiliation, dust, and face-powder, without getting a speck of anything on their regimentals, and, in fact, coming out of the battle as spick and as span as when they went in. This incident is perhaps the only really commonplace thing in the whole opera. It appears to be a generally accepted comic-opera idea that a band of sopranos can beat a mob of basso-profundos and tenors in a bout at arms as easily as a boy can roll off a log. After this the plot does not thicken at all, but the complications are repeated, and peril is escaped in various ingenious, amusing, and entertaining ways. There is a dungeon keep in the third act, in which Flora is incarcerated, and from which she is rescued by Lochiel, assisted by the Town-Crier, who is sufficiently under the influence of pride and strong drink to be willing to be locked up in her place. Finally Charles is really captured, which gives Rob Roy the opportunity to do something besides exercising his vocal organs—the first he avails himself of in the whole performance; and then, as soon as the hero stops his bragging and clears his physical deck for action, the British captain lets the Prince off, and the curtain drops.

The book appears to be a good one. The wit of it is of the up-to-date variety; but it is difficult, in the absence of a libretto, to say how much of it is Mr. Smith's and how much is the spontaneous outpouring of the comedian's fund of spirits. It is good clean fun, however, from start to finish, and as Mr. De Koven presumably wrote his opera to fit the book, he must have found it inspiring, for he has done excellent work. The only really regrettable feature of the story of "Rob Roy," as it is presented here, is that Rob Roy himself never does anything valiant, though he looks as if he could if he wished to. It is Lochiel who steals the gold in the first act, while Rob Roy is at a safe distance, with his bagpipers; it is Lochiel who leads the clans into battle, while Rob Roy stays by his mill, and listens to his wife singing pretty songs; it is Lochiel who enables Flora to escape, while Rob Roy, disguised in a long green overcoat, is rolling a wheelbarrow about town with gold to pay Prince Charlie's fare to France concealed beneath a half-dozen cabbages therein. Rob Roy does not really appear to be anything more than an unusually robust, good-natured outlaw, with a fine voice and a realizing sense of his own greatness, until, as we have already said, the end of the last act, and then he is not permitted to attack Captain Sheridan and his Amazons in British uniform because it is time for the audience to go home. Nevertheless, Mr. Smith and the exponents of his humor show that a pleasing and refined afternoon or evening can be provided without the loss of comic effect, but, on the contrary, with the distinct addition of true fun, which keeps the audience in a perpetual flow of laughter.

Musically the opera is one of great merit. It is a more serious and more original effort than *Robin Hood*, though one would not care to say that it is more pleasing than the previous work. Mr. De Koven has been more consistent in the pursuit of his theme in *Rob Roy* than he has ever been in any other of his operas that we have seen. There are places where he loses his hold upon his Scotch atmosphere, and occasionally one is disposed to think that the score is not as coherent as it might be; but, upon the whole, the Scottish flavor does predominate, and it can be said with truth that the music tells the story quite as vividly as it could be told in words. It conveys the ideas which Mr. Smith has expressed in his verses, and so well that sung without Mr. Smith's verses his meaning would be quite as clear as it is with them.

The criticism that is so often made of Mr. De Koven's writing, that he is reminiscent, is not so obviously deserved as to *Rob Roy* as it was in connection with *Robin Hood*. There are evidences in *Rob Roy* that Mr. De Koven has not entirely forgotten the composers he admires, but, as a whole, the score is original, and the occasional musical allusions to the *Chimes of Normandy*, the operas of Sullivan and others, are not at all offensive, nor are they so conspicuous as to arouse anybody's ire; and in one instance, where the composer finds that he cannot forget one of his own previous contributions to the world's store of song, we should be rather gratified than otherwise. The Jailer's song in the last act, effectively sung by Mr. McLaughlin as Lochiel, is tremendously good, in spite of its being manifestly the twin brother of the Sword song with which Mr. Cowles used to delight us in *Robin Hood*.

Among the more attractive numbers of the opera are the ballad of Marjory, the Tavern Maid; the Pretender's little love-song in the third act, "Tell her I love her," which Mr. Barron Berthald sings most charmingly; a lyric duet, "Roses," charmingly rendered by Mr. Pruett and Miss Corden; and the martial songs of Rob Roy and Lochiel. The choruses are of an inspiring nature, and the purely comic element in the music is excellently well done.

As for the company, it is difficult to see how it could be improved in any way. The voices are of invariably good quality, and their fortunate possessors do their work as though they enjoyed it. The dancing of Mr. Carroll as Mayor McWheeble, and of Mr. Herbert as MacSherey, is delicious, the Spanish dance in the third act being notable as a bit of droll humor and of true satire of the Carmencita craze. A word of praise, too, must be said for the stage pictures, which are all of them pleasing, and of the costuming, which is in good taste and attractive to the eye.

HAS CHINA A FIGHTING CHANCE?

BY JULIAN RALPH.

It appears that the war is now to be treated as if it were practically over, since the Japanese have captured the key to China's capital, and the Chinese talk only of arranging a money basis for a return of peace. In my last letter upon "Poor Old China" I endeavored to show how worse than unprepared for war the rotten old empire was. Since writing that, I have come upon a fresh review of the fighting status of both countries in *Der Ostasiatische Lloyd*, the work of a man who has evidently been long upon the ground, and who is either a military or diplomatic specialist. He says that Japan has placed 150,000 men in the field, "equipped and armed as well as the best armies of the West." These men have seen at least one year of active service, and by far the greater number three years. And yet only a quarter of a century ago the Japanese soldiers still wore great grotesque iron-visored helmets with which to frighten the enemy, chain and lacquer cuirasses to make his blows harmless, and at their head stood the leader with a fan in his hand. The writer asks for what reason Japan remodelled her army with such feverish haste, and answers that China gave constant cause for alarm. She looked upon Japan as a traitor towards Asia; in the Liuchiu Islands and Korea threatening misunderstandings had occurred, and Korea especially has always been held likely sooner or later to prove a source of serious trouble in the Orient. Thus Japan was forced to reform her army to such an extent as is here set forth:

"Every Japanese is liable to service from his seventeenth to his fortieth year. The land army is thus apportioned: 1. The standing army. 2. The reserve of the standing army. 3. The reserve. 4. The territorial army. The soldier has to serve three years in the standing army, four years in the reserve of the standing army, five years in the reserve, and eleven years in the territorial army. Thus the full term of service is theoretically twenty-three years—the interval between seventeen and forty—but practically only twelve years; for, while the forces under No. 2 and No. 3 serve sixty days in each year, the territorial army is only called out in case of war. As in Germany, so in Japan, those who hold an examination certificate of a certain class need only serve one year; these volunteers must feed and clothe themselves. Seeing, however, that the annual levy, if strictly enforced, would bring in many more recruits than the government requires—it is reckoned that 200,000 new recruits are annually available—a system of exemptions has been arranged. Thus, in addition to cripples and the like, the following exemptions have been introduced: Persons under 4 feet 11½ inches in height; one of two brothers summoned simultaneously, or one who already has a brother in the army; the brother of a man who has died or been crippled in the service; heads of families; priests; teachers in the public schools; students attending educational establishments acknowledged by government; physicians; government officials whose obligatory service cannot be undertaken by others. But even after these exceptions, which amount to an average of forty per cent. of the population liable to military service, the numbers are still larger than required. For this reason a peculiar system of surplus numbers has been invented, whereby those recruits who draw a surplus lot only serve one year, and then pass into the standing-army reserve. The number of these 'surplus' men is thus unfixed."

Leaving out of consideration the peculiar customs that give 2880 men to each regiment, and that make the entire military formation slightly different from that of our own country, we find Japan divided into seven military districts, each under a general, and possessing an army of 210,000 men on paper. The Minister of War collects and organizes the troops, and General Prince Arisugawa, uncle of the Emperor, leads and directs them as commander-in-chief. The weak spot is the cavalry arm. Japan planned to have only 671 active cavalrymen, and 788 on reserve. It is presumed that this was because her country is too mountainous to make much use of mounted soldiery. She has with great difficulty raised her cavalry force to 3000 men and horses for this war. But my German authority says that the army is "in reality a European force, with a drill copied exactly from that of European troops, Germany more particularly. With the exception of the cavalry, which is small, and looks badly mounted, the army might march through the streets of any town in Europe without, at first sight, being recognized as Oriental. Every foreign expert who has had occasion to see Japanese infantry at drill has expressed his admiration at the manner in which the various evolutions were carried out—evolutions which would do credit to a crack regiment of the Prussian guard. The squadron drill of the cavalry is also excellent, though spoilt by the miserable appearance of the ponies. The artillery leaves nothing to be desired, and the shooting practice is good."

When this German writer comes to consider the Chinese army he tells a vastly different story. He tells us, as we knew he must, that the Viceroys—each governing two provinces, as a rule—are responsible to the Emperor for the security of their respective provinces; that each Viceroy has his own system of troops; and that each province has a double garrison, the imperial and the viceregal; that one Governor devotes more, another less, attention to his troops; one employs European instructors; another does not. Finally, in the coast provinces, the Viceroys have had to provide war-vessels, partly against pirates, and partly because there the central government is able to apply greater pressure upon its servants. It being naturally the interest of each Viceroy to retain the fruits of his exertions for himself, he is in no case willing to go to the assistance of a neighbor who is not so well protected, especially since he has had to bear heavy war burdens, while many provinces in the interior have been almost free from them. Each Viceroy is responsible for the safety of his own province, and must answer for it with his head, so that concerted action in war is practically out of the question. Furthermore, this policy of looking out for number one is handed down to the very ranks, for the army officers are responsible to the local officials for the disposition and well-being of the soldiery. The sum and substance of the situation is that each army shuts itself up in a purely defensive state, and it is actually said that in some of the interior provinces one Governor-General's troops are regarded as enemies by the authorities of the neighboring province. "The military calling enjoys in China less consideration than any other occupation soever. The military officer stands behind his colleague of the civil service. Promotion is by favor. Any sort of scientific training, even Chinese, is not demanded of an officer. The higher posts are sold; the lower ones are awarded to friends and relations. Few even know anything of practical service, except possibly in the old-fashioned Chinese corps. Add to this that the Chinese principle is that every man who has passed his examination in the classics is fit for the highest posts, be they in the army, in the navy, or on the bench of justice; and so the highest posts in the army may come to be filled by officials who know absolutely nothing of war."

The Chinese drill seeks to form close masses, producing massed fire. When in recent wars this proved powerless against Europeans, the Chinese reverted to the bow-and-arrow theory, withdrew into camp, and waited for attack behind closed doors. Not one camp within range of fire is said to have dreamt of coming to the aid of a hard-pressed neighbor. This authority describes a recent exercise of the Canton infantry. The troops were mixed musket and lance bearers, armed with muzzle-loaders and 20-foot spears. Each section carried two banners, targets for the enemy's fire. All the drill movements were directed by the beating of a big gong in front of the troops. The object of many of the evolutions was incomprehensible to a European.

I saw many men who had witnessed Chinese drills. The last one told me of seeing some troops in practice at Amoy. They had a prodigious number of banners, they also were ordered about by strokes on a gong, and they practised evolutions such as one used to see in the drill of girls at large boarding-schools—purely ornamental or wholly silly movements. To make the matter more ridiculous, several of the soldiers refused to take part in the performance, and the commanding mandarin, after arguing with them, allowed them to retire to the barracks. Discipline is a thing unknown in most of the military bodies of China. You will there see a common sailor being shaved on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, in front of the Admiral's quarters. You will see common sailors drinking with their highest officers on shore. It is said that it is a custom for the crews of war-ships to gamble with their commanders on New-Year's day, when it is expected that they will lose their money for the officer's advantage. The best-looking body of marching troops that I saw in China all carried their guns by the muzzle, with the butts over their shoulders, and their cartridge-boxes dangling from the barrels. Some had their fans in their hands, and some carried them shoved down their necks behind their heads. It is said that the tall northern Chinaman is a good fighter, and would have carried himself bravely all through the war, as he did at last at Port Arthur, if he had had good leaders. In all probability that is true, for General Gordon found it to be the case; but the Chinaman in general is a peaceable—or at least he is not a warlike creature. A street quarrel brings out nothing else than shoving and pushing, unless it may be the prodigious vocal uproar by which a Chinaman expresses what he calls passion, which is really an outcry for some peace-maker to step in and hold him. It is customary for some friend to act this part, when the noisy man develops more uproar than ever, but submits to being led harmlessly away. I am told by a man of standing in the European settlement of Amoy that recently a Chinese flag-ship with a gunboat following it came to that port with the Admiral dressed as a coolie in the crew of the gunboat. He feared an attack by the Japanese, and reasoned that if he disguised himself and hid in the crew of the smaller boat while his flag was flying above his proper deck he would never be discovered by the Japanese. And it is quite likely that the Japanese would never have discovered him, since, the other day, they boarded a transport in Chinese waters upon the suspicion that she carried troops. She had on board a Chinese regiment of 400 wretched coolies, who had been induced to enlist by a promise of money enough to buy their own food. They stripped off their uniforms and burned them up in the furnaces of the steamship, and the Japanese went away empty-handed, never dreaming that such shabby, boorish peasants could ever have been designed or asked to serve for soldiers.

My German authority declares it wrong to assume that things military are as they always were in China. There has been improvement, mainly in armament, reforms in tactics and strategy being opposed to the Chinese character. A few years ago Li Hung Chang, who, with his province of Pe-chi-li, has unfortunately had to bear the brunt of this war, ventured to carry out energetically the reforms proposed by the European instructors who had been before employed, but without power, to bring about progress. Two German instructors trained the Pe-chi-li infantry, and their influence is still apparent. The exercises, slow and quick march especially, are admirably performed, but a most imperfect knowledge and valuation of fighting tactics is observable. Out of these troops some trained non-commissioned drill-masters were sent to all parts of the empire; but this second-hand method, this deputizing of unskilled instructors to do the work of Europeans, has resulted in such a compromise with ancient native habits that little of the original teaching is left, and the result is little better than the simple old Chinese drill. Originally, in Pe-chi-li, the Germans drilled the officers and the men. Finally, in the other provinces, the officers were left in their original plight of ignorance. The best reform was in the arms. The Pe-chi-li troops are mainly armed with the German infantry rifle. China, my authority says, will never possess a true cavalry arm. She can get no suitable horses. Her steed is the Mongol pony, and he is too small and too light. The cavalry is "an agile infantry," regarded with pride as being able to get away from an enemy quicker than the rest of the army. The cavalrymen carry Winchester carbines, and fight by riding around in a ring and firing one piece at a time as each rider comes into position. The artillery is China's favorite weapon, whether or not the reason be that it is liked because of the noise it can make. At all events, the Germans, aided by Li Hung Chang, have organized and armed an excellent artillery in Pe-chi-li, the pieces being all Krupp, kept in good order and well manned, aimed and fired by well-taught gunners. The armies of the other provinces are not to be compared with Pe-chi-li's. The horses of the other provinces are but twelve hands high. China has no true engineer corps and no proper army train. The commanders of the encampments receive round sums for the purchase and support of horses and the maintenance of troops, and here comes in the "squeezing" that makes Chinese official life the most corrupt on earth. The proper quota of men is not kept up, though the government is charged for the full limit; even then the men in the ranks are not always or often fully paid.

In spite of all this the German writer said, at the breaking out of the war, that if the struggle was a long one the Japanese would enjoy early successes and be whipped in the end. And when I left China, before the news of Port Arthur's fall was abroad, every European military and naval man was saying the same thing. All agreed that if Japan was to win the final victory she must forge straight ahead to Peking, or stand a chance of being beaten at the end. The reason was and is that a cessation of hostilities during a whole winter will give China a chance to develop or to obtain skilled leaders, and to mass her mighty millions (of both men and dollars) into a mountain that the Japanese would soon exhaust themselves in storming.

"THE GOLDEN HOUSE."*

At the end of Mr. Warner's preceding novel, *A Little Journey in the World*, the gentle Margaret, after wedding the daring speculator Henderson, had suffered a slow moral disintegration, under which she finally faded away and died, whereupon the swift vengeance of Heaven pursued Henderson, and the book closes with his marriage to the easy-going Carmen. That these two characters, thus fitly disposed of in *A Little Journey in the World*, should reappear in *The Golden House* is a surprise, not to say a shock, and yet it must be confessed that the result justifies Mr. Warner's daring. We can see now that the author was right in thinking that the career of Henderson, and also the career of his second wife, might be carried further with advantage. Henderson's career, indeed, the author has seen fit to carry out to the end—to his sudden and lonely death in the midst of his millions.

Of all the many attempts to represent in fiction the American money-maker, the man who has amassed an immense fortune, and who goes on increasing it with no thought of resting from his labor, the man who exists solely for the sake of making money, surrendering all tastes that interfere with this passion, giving up everything else, abandoning his whole life to gain, and not from any sordid avarice, not even from any great desire to use what he accumulates, but moved mainly by an interest in the sport of speculation, and finding the zest of his life in the game of money-making, wholly regardless of the cash value of the stakes—of all the many efforts to put such a man before us in the pages of a novel, this study of Mr. Warner's seems to me to be the most successful. Henderson is vigorously presented, and we get to know him, and to understand how it is that he is not unkindly, and that he is absolutely unscrupulous. We perceive why he has no malice toward those he injured by his scheming, and why he bears them no ill will even after he has ruined them. We see how all the better impulses of the man have been starved and choked by the growth of the one all-absorbing passion; and it is not without pity that we discover that not only his impulses, but his tastes, his minor interests in life, his faculty of enjoyment, have been eliminated, one by one, until at last he has nothing left but the one thing which he has set his heart on, and to which he has bent his whole being. Then at length even this one thing loses its savor, and is as dust and ashes in his mouth. At the very acme and climax of his triumph Henderson knows that his life has been a failure.

This boldly projected figure of Henderson dominates the book as his exemplars tower aloft over the social organization of our time. In our modern society the millionaire has in great measure taken the place held aforetime by the nobleman; and it may very well be that we allow him to enjoy too many of the feudal advantages of his predecessor. Perhaps Mr. Kidd is right in thinking that we are according to captains of industry an undue proportion of the powers and of the honors which were formerly bestowed rightly enough on commanders in war. One of the merits of *The Golden House* is that it forces the reader to take thought about society. The book is no tract, no parable, no allegory, no *Tendenz-Roman* even, as the Germans phrase it, no novel with a purpose; it is a story, pure and simple, with strongly drawn characters, in whose sayings and doings we are interested for their own sakes; but none the less even the casual reader who turns its pages carelessly has forced upon him a consciousness that our social system is strangely inadequate and startlingly imperfect.

Perhaps nothing is more harmful to-day than the frequent denunciations of the existing order of things with the obvious inference that a society so deformed needs to be rooted up and cleared away and made over. What ought to be clear to us is that, with all the defects of the social organization in our time, this organization is less defective than it ever was before; that there has been steady progress in the world from generation to generation; that there has been no century in which the average man has not been better off than he was in the previous century; that it is our duty to do all that in us lies to help forward this progress; and that nothing tends to retard this improvement more than violent and inflammatory declamation. The pessimist who refuses to believe in any advance is quite as wrong as the optimist who denies that there is any necessity for a forward movement. Now, as always, discontent is a duty, for it is a condition precedent to progress. It is not discontent that throws the dynamite bomb; it is despair.

While Mr. Warner's novel is the work of a thinker, and while it affords food for thought even to the cursory reader, it is wholly free from denunciation. By its perusal we are led not to wish to destroy society, but rather to desire its reorganization; and we are made at least to suspect the complexity of the problem. Mr. Warner shows us the poor as well as the rich—Mulberry Bend after Madison Avenue—and he does not idealize the one more than the other. Perhaps, after all, the pinch of poverty does not squeeze the soul more than the weight of riches—although it numbs the body sooner.

It is poverty that saves Jack Delancy, who is perhaps to be called the hero of *The Golden House*, and who is certainly a most skilful piece of portraiture. We all know Jack; he is the clever young fellow, moving easily through life along the line of least resistance, and having no shadows in his path except when he stands in his own light. If such a young man has had the good fortune to be born poor, he can save himself, and the world is the richer by a fine fellow. If he has the bad luck of Jack Delancy, and inherits twenty thousand dollars a year, he is not likely to save himself, for ennui is the devil's advocate—and as Mr. Warner tersely puts it, "wherever the devil is, there is always a quorum present for business." Even after Jack marries an ideal wife his fate is in doubt, and it needs not only her aid but the sharp douche of sudden poverty to stimulate him into making the best of his life.

As it is no fairy tale that Mr. Warner is writing, he does not let Jack reform in the twinkling of an eye, but only after a long struggle with himself and his habits; for while a noble impulse may make a man volunteer for a forlorn hope, only a firm will can keep him steadfast under fire. It would be futile to wonder how a Parisian novelist would have treated the relations of Jack and Carmen, but it may be doubted whether that treatment would be as calmly truthful as Mr. Warner's. The American author knew his type when he made Henderson conscious that Carmen was as "passionless as a diamond."

How true to life Carmen may be, and how accurate Edith Delancy, I do not know; for how is a mere man to decide on the niceties of feminine character? Every novel really worth criticising needs two critics—a man to discuss the male characters, and a woman to discuss the female. It is

* *The Golden House.* A Novel. By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Harper & Brothers.

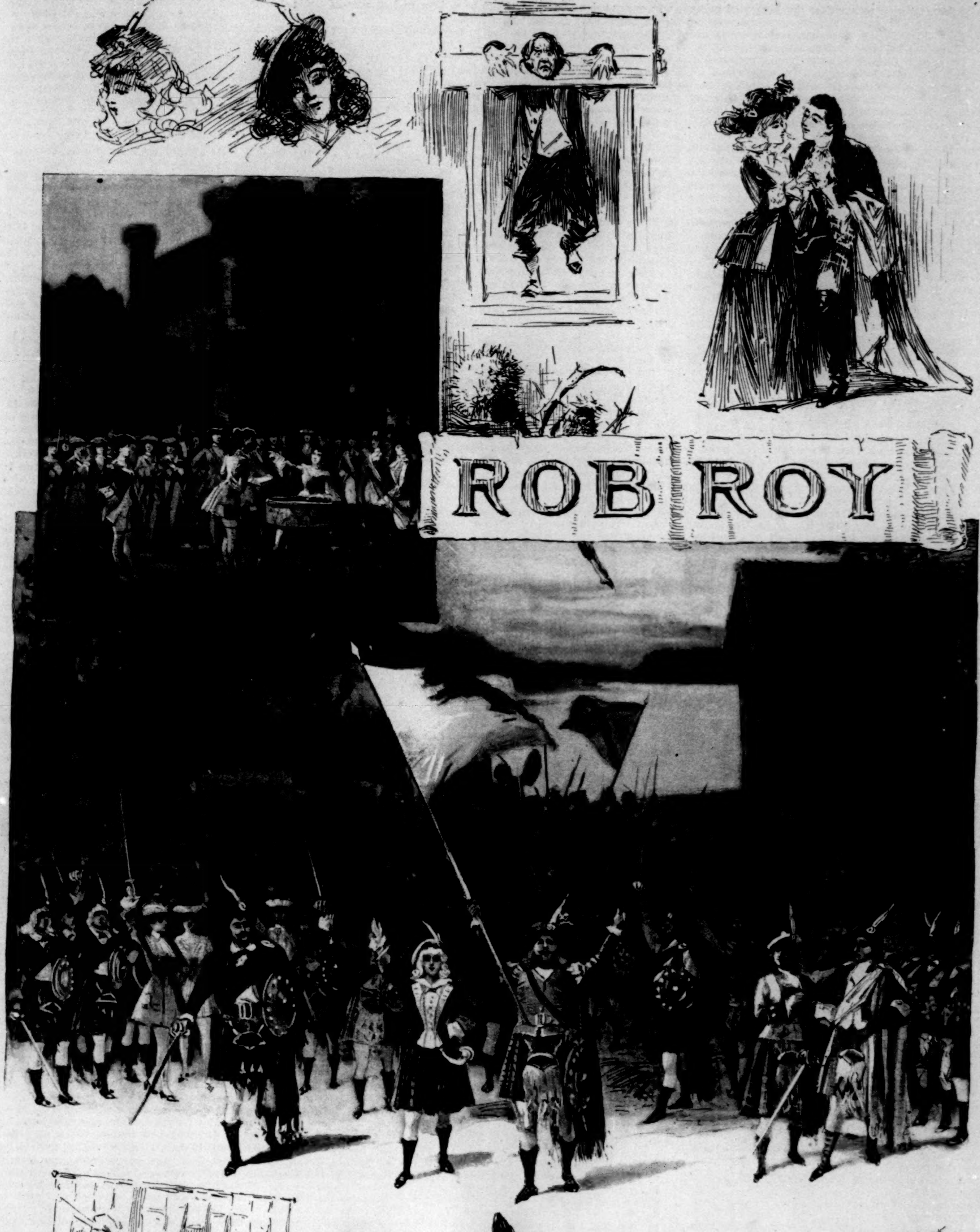
"HELP US TO LIFT THEM UP."

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH ADDRESSING A LADIES' MEETING.—Drawn by Clifford Carleton.

"GOD BLESS YOU!"

A SALVATION ARMY LASSIE AT WORK IN THE SLUMS.—Drawn by Charles H. Broughton.

CONTRASTING METHODS OF SALVATION ARMY WARFARE.—[See Page 1219.]



SCENES FROM DE KOVEN AND SMITH'S NEW COMIC OPERA AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 1214.]

easy enough for any man to say that the heroes of many women's novels are impossible, for the most part either prigs or brutes; but may not the women retort on us, and declare the irresistible heroines of men's novels equally impossible? To us men Carmen is coherent and convincing; Edith Delancy is almost flawless, and quite too good for that very human creature Jack; Dr. Ruth Leigh is most sympathetically drawn; but what do the women think of these creatures of a masculine brain? I can bear testimony to the dignity and the strength with which Father Damon is delineated; but I lack the knowledge to take the stand in behalf of Dr. Ruth, who seems to me quite as well conceived, and quite as happily presented.

In this his third work of fiction the author is more the master of the art than in the earlier studies. He possesses his materials now; he is not possessed by them. He keeps his story more firmly in hand; the construction is solider; the movement is swifter; and there are fewer digressions from the main path. To a certain extent the modern novel is the result of a marriage of the essay and the drama; and it is natural enough that the child should resemble now one of the parents and now the other. In Mr. Warner's hands, as was to be expected, the tendency is rather toward the essay, yet there is no obtrusion of the narrator's personality, and there is no lack of dramatic force in certain of the situations. In more than one of them—in the parting of the doctor and the priest, for example—there is the swift simplicity of tragedy, inevitable, inexorable, final.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN OLDEN TIMES.

"Now I am in a holiday humor."
—*As You Like It*, Act IV., Scene I.

THE Ghost of Christmas Past has a great deal more to show to the world at large than it displayed to Mr. Scrooge, on that famous Christmas Eve, when Marley had been just seven years dead. The Christmas carols which have been written, and sung, and printed, and lost and forgotten, would fill many volumes, while the prose literature devoted to Christmas would form a good-sized library in itself. And yet nobody knows anything about the origin of Christmas; nobody knows who first celebrated it, or when, or where, or how; while more than half the customs and traditions of Christmas are involved in absolute mystery or are a matter of mere conjecture.

St. John of Chrysostom, who died in 407, in an epistle upon the subject of Christmas Day, relates that St. Cyril of Jerusalem instructed St. Julius, who died in 352, to make a strict inquiry as to the exact date of the Nativity of our Saviour, and that the conclusion reached was that it occurred on the 25th December. All these Saints were likewise Bishops of Rome.

Father Christmas, as he has been naturalized in the United States, seems to have been of mixed and cosmopolitan origin. Our Christmas carols appear to have come from the Holy Land itself; our Christmas trees from the East, by way of Germany; our Santa Claus from Holland; our stockings, hung in the chimney, from France or Belgium; and our Christmas cards and verbal Christmas greetings, our Yule-logs, our boars' heads, our plum puddings, and our mince pies from England. Our turkey is, seemingly, our only national contribution.

As Jeremy Taylor points out, the first Christmas Carol was the glorious song of the angels at the birth of the Messiah. In the British Museum is an Anglo-Norman carol; and the earliest printed collection of carols was published, it is said, by Wynkin de Worde in 1521. Only one leaf of this book is known to the collectors, but it contains two specimens of verse, one "A Caroll of Huntynge," the other, "A Caroll Bringing in the Boar's Head." Among the Harleian MSS. is a carol written during the reign of Henry VI.

The chronology of the Christmas tree is very doubtful. Mr. Timbs finds its roots in the land of the early Egyptians. The Germans claim that it sprouted in their fatherland. Other authorities trace it back to the Roman Saturnalia, and quote a line or two from the Georgics of Virgil to prove their theory—

"In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
And these are hung on high in honor of the vine."

The translation is Dryden's. Still other authorities believe the tree to be a Buddhist importation, and to date back to the Fifth Century of our era, and they tell us that it is a custom still observed in Asia for the people, on certain festive occasions, to stick trees in the ground, upon the branches of which they suspend their presents and their offerings.

To the Prince Consort has been ascribed the honor of the introduction of the Christmas tree into England. But a Christmas tree is known to have played an important part in a Christmas pageant given in honor of Henry VIII.; and Mr. Greville in his Memoirs, December 27, 1829, says that "on Christmas Day the Princess [Lieven] got up a little *fête* such as is customary all over Germany. Three trees, in great pots, were put upon a long table, covered with pink linen; each tree was illuminated with three circular tiers of colored wax candles—blue, green, red, and white. Before each tree was displayed a quantity of toys, gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, work-boxes, books, and various articles—presents made to the owner of the tree. It was very pretty. Here [England] it was only for the children; in Germany the custom extends to persons of all ages."

Charles G. Leland, in *The English Gypsies and Their Language*, published in 1874, prints a curious gypsy legend, and of course an ancient one, which touches in a tender way upon the custom of church-decoration at Christmas-time. This it is: "The ivy and holly and pine trees never told a word where our Saviour was hiding himself, and so they keep alive all the winter, and look green all the year. But the ash, like the oak, told of him where he was hiding, so they have to remain dead all the winter. And so we gypsies always burn an ash fire every great day."

The custom of decorating churches on Christmas Eve has been traced to the First Lesson of the evening service of December 24th, in which occur these words from Isaiah lx., 13: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary." But Dean Stanley says that the decoration of churches with holly is a religious observance which comes down from the time of the heathen, who suspended green boughs and holly about their houses, that the fairies and the spirits of the woods might find shelter in them.

The mistletoe was gathered by the Druids with no little ceremony at the end of the old year; and at the beginning of the new year it was distributed among the people. It was supposed to be an antidote to poison, and to possess the mystic virtue of causing fertility.

There is said to have existed in mediæval times a very serious proverb to the effect that if a maiden were not fortunate enough to be kissed on Christmas Day she could have no hope of being married during the following year. And it is gravely recorded that in later days the mistletoe was excluded from the Christmas decorations in the English churches because the *smacking* was sometimes so loud that it interrupted the services!

There is a tradition and a fervent belief among the villagers of certain sections of England that the Christmas-thorn blossoms on the 6th January (Twelfth-day), and on that day only, and that this curious fact—if it be a fact—establishes the truth of that being the date of the birth of the Christ.

The origin of Christmas giving certainly goes back to the days of the Romans, and before the days of Christ; but one ancient theory of its application in Christendom is worth quoting in part. John Dunton, in his *Athenian Oracle* (1728), says that "it is as old as the word mass itself, which the Romish priests invented from the Latin *Mitto*, to send, by putting the people in mind to send gifts, offerings, oblations; to have masses said for anything they chanced to want. Thus the mass at this particular time of the year was the Christ's mass, and the money gathered was deposited in the Christ's-mass box, hence the term still employed in England, particularly among dependents, who were given something by their employers to help them buy a seasonable paternoster of the Church."

The Christmas card is comparatively a modern innovation, and it is said to have been patented about the middle of the Nineteenth Century, when the ordinary calling cards containing the words "A Merry Christmas" were supplemented by printed cards upon which were various forms of Christmas greeting, and drawings of holly branches and the like. The oldest of these in existence, it is said, was published in London in 1846, and the custom is believed to have come from Germany.

The Yule-log is supposed to have been transmitted to the Britons from their Scandinavian ancestors, who at their feast of the winter solstice lighted great bonfires in honor of Thor. The fragments of one Christmas log were carefully preserved, in the Middle Ages, to start the fire in the log of the next Christmas; and it was long a tradition that if a flat-footed woman, or a squinting person of either sex, was permitted to enter the house while the log was burning, bad luck to somebody was sure to follow.

The Christmas bill of fare in the brave days of old was rich and varied. The chief and most important dish was the boar's head, and the second was roast peacock, although it is by no means clear why either of them ever came to be associated with the occasion.

Edmund Yates looks upon the eating of the boar's head as a fiction, and believes it to have been merely a show dish; the real knife-and-fork play commencing with the second course, when cranes, herons, bitterns, partridges, plover, woodcocks, and snipe were brought to table.

The Christmas pie of the ancients is not altogether identical with the mince pie so generally consumed at Christmas-time in our days. One writer describes it as "a most learnèd mixture of neat's tongues, chicken, eggs, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kinds of spices," etc., and he speaks of plum porridge as "a sort of soup with plumbs, which is not at all inferior to the pye." How far these dishes are the direct ancestor of the plum pudding of the present is not now known.

Christmas under the Commonwealth was not a particularly cheerful or festive occasion. In 1647 the Cromwellian government ordered the Common Crier to inform the public that Christmas Day, as being a superstitious and a hurtful custom, could no longer be observed; and that markets should be held on the 25th December. A few years later, on the 24th December, "The House before they rose were presented with a terrible remonstrance against Christmas Day, grounded upon Divine Scripture, in which Christmas is called Anti-Christ's Mass," etc. The result was that Parliament resolved to sit on the following day, "commonly called Christmas."

In the Commons Journal for December 24, 1652, we read the following: "RESOLVED, That the Markets be kept To-morrow, being the 25th December. And that the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and the Justices of the Peace for the City of Westminster, and Liberties thereof, do take care that all such Persons as shall open their Shops on that Day be protected from Wrong or Violence, and the Offenders punished. RESOLVED, That no Observation shall be had on the 25th Day of December, commonly called Christmas Day, nor any Solemnity used or exercised in Churches upon that Day, in respect thereof. ORDERED, That the Committee of Whitehall do see that the Shops in Westminster Hall be kept open To-morrow."

Evelyn, in 1652, wrote, in a pathetic way, on the 25th December, "No sermon anywhere, no church being permitted to be open, so observed it at home." Another diarist, a year later, recorded a debate in the House of Commons which shows that the efforts of the Cromwellians to suppress the day were not altogether successful. Colonel Matthews complained that the House was thin, and offered a short bill to prevent the superstition. Mr. Robinson complained that he could get no rest all night for the preparation of this foolish day's solemnity. Major-General Packer thought the bill "well-timed." But the king came home again, in 1660, and Christmas came back with the king—to stay! The good old Christmas times and customs were revived, including the passing of the wassail bowl; and the gentry went from London to their country-seats and kept open-house, entertaining their tenants and the tradespeople in the ancient festive way.

One of the Puritan tracts, dated 1655, bears the following descriptive title: "Christmas Day; taking to Heart the Heathen's Fasting Day in Honour to Saturn, their Idol God. The Papist's Massing Day. The Prophane Man's Ranting Day. The Superstitious Man's Idol Day. The Multitude's Idle Day. Whereon because they can do Nothing—they do worse than Nothing." The name of the enthusiastic author of this publication is not given on its title-page. This was one of many published broadsides of the period, which labored to prove that Christmas was comparatively a modern festival; that it had grown out of the ancient Saturnalia, the pagan feast of Saturn; that it is not enjoyned in Scripture; and that—above all—it was forbidden by the Parliament then sitting.

In a tract called "The Vindication of Christmas," published in 1653, Old Christmas himself gives the following account of what happened in Devonshire on his day. "After dinner," he says, "we arose from the board, and sate by the fire, where the Harthe was imbroidered all over with roasted Apples, piping hot, expecting a bole of Ale for a cooler, which immediately was transformed into warm Lamb-wool. After which we discoursed merrily without either profaneness or obscenity; some went to cards, others sang carols and pleasant songs (suitable to the Times); when the poor labouring Hinds, and Maid-servants, with the Plow-boys went nimbly to dancing; the poor toyling wretches being glad of my company, because they had little, or no sport at all till I came amongst them; and therefore they skipped and leaped for joy, singing a carol to the tune of hey—

'Let's dance and sing and make good chear,
For Christmas comes but once a year.'"

The lines, slightly altered, were written by Thomas Tusser at least a century earlier.

In a rare old pamphlet called "Christmas Entertainments," dated 1734, we are told that "There was once upon a time Hospitality in the Land [of Britain]. An English Gentleman at the opening of the great Day had all his Tenants and Neighbours enter'd his hall by day-break; the strong beer was broach'd, and the black-jack went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, and nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese; the rooms were embower'd with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel, and mistletoe, and a bouncing Christmas-log in the chimney glowing like the cheeks of a country milk-maid; then was the pewter as bright as Clarinda, and every bit of brass as polished as the most refined Gentleman; the servants were there, running here and there with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of Guests, and look'd as smug as new lick'd puppies; the Lasses were as blithe and buxom as the maids in good Queen Bess's day, when they eat sirloins of roast beef for breakfast."

Another curious old tract, dated 1735, relates to "The Tryal of Old Father Chrystmas, For Encouraging his Majesty's Subjects to Idleness, Gluttony, Drunkenness, Gambling, Swearing, Rioting, and all Manner of Extravagance and Debauchery." The Tryal was held at the Assizes in the City of Profusion, before the Lord Chief Justice Churchman, Mr. Justice Feast, Mr. Justice Gambol, and several other of his Majesty's Justices of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery. The prisoner pleaded "Not Guilty," but one Caleb Carefull swore against him that "he has eaten [Chrystmas has eaten, not Caleb] 1000 hams, 1200 dozens of fowls, 1500 chines, 2500 sirloins of beef, 3000 gallons of plum porridge, 17,000 minced pies, with bread in proportion, with strong beer, Geneva, brandy, punch, and wine beyond all proportion," and all this in one day! The prisoner in his defence declared that he was above 1700 years old, and never was questioned at Assizes or Sessions before. The jury without retiring found a verdict for the defendant, which verdict was greeted "with loud shouts and applause of the joyful crowd"; and the judge, cautioning Father Christmas to temper his hospitality with prudence, avoiding gluttony and excess, dismissed the case.

There is a tradition in Lancashire that at midnight on Christmas Eve the cows fall on their knees and the bees hum "Old Hundredth." The hum of bees can be made to sound like any tune the listener is willing to fancy it, and cows on any night in the year, or on any day, get on their knees first on rising from the ground, as is their well-known habit.

A curious and effective Christmas custom is recorded in a *History of Carrickfergus*, which was printed in the first decade of the present Century. "Late on Christmas Eve," it says, "young men and boys [young men are generally boys] assemble and collect carts, cars, gates, boats, planks, etc., with which they block up the Irish, or West, gate of this town. There is a vague tradition [like all Christmas traditions, it is vague] that the custom originated in the Protestant inhabitants shutting the gates on the Roman Catholics when they went out to mass on Christmas Eve.... Within memory it was common for boys to assemble early at the school-house on the morning before Christmas, and to bar out the master, who was not admitted till he promised a certain number of days vacation. Early on Christmas Day the boys set out to the country in parties of eight or twelve, armed with staves or bludgeons, killing and carrying off such fowls as came in their way. These were taken to their respective school-rooms and cooked the following day. To this feast many persons were invited, who furnished liquors or other necessaries [liquors in our time are looked upon as luxuries], and the entertainments usually continued for several days. As civilization increased," adds the historian, "these marauding feasts became less popular, and the decline of the custom was much hastened [not by the increase of civilization, but] by the discovery that the cooks often purloined the best fowls to themselves."

Any tradition which takes boys early to school on any day of the year may certainly be set down as vague!

Christmas, for a curious reason, is said to have been a peculiarly sad day for the farmers and rural householders of Cheshire; for by an ancient custom which prevailed almost universally in that county half a century ago, all agricultural servants engaged themselves from New Year's Eve to Christmas Day, by virtue of which agreement they took a week off for play and recreation; and left the families of their employers to wait upon and cook and work for themselves. Mr. Thomas Hughes describe these farm servants, men and women, as dressed in holiday attire and crowding the streets of Chester, with their year's wages in their pockets. "They invest their incomes in smock-frocks, cotton dresses, plush waistcoats, or woollen shawls, all of the gayest and most showy colors and varieties, and they hold high carnival in the small shops and lowest taverns. It is amusing to mix in the throng on such occasions," he added, in 1855, "and to watch these children of nature unadorned; their straggling gait, their fanciful apparel, to hear their quaint exclamations and their outlandish dialect, which few educated natives could understand without a glossary."

All this goes to prove that the creator of Scrooge and of Tiny Tim was not the inventor of Christmas. He merely revived and restored Christmas, with the aid of Washington Irving; and taught us, on this particular Day of the year at least, to do a little better to our fellow-men.

God bless us every one!

LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE QUIET HOUR.

SOMETIME between the dawn and dark,
Go thou, O friend, apart,
That a cool drop of heaven's dew
May fall into thy heart.

Thus with a spirit soothed, and cured
Of restlessness and pain,
Thou mayest, nerved with force divine,
Take up thy work again.

MARY F. BUTTS.

CONTRASTING METHODS OF SALVATION ARMY WARFARE.

THERE is probably not a religious body in the world that strives more earnestly to reach the separate classes of people comprising the nations than the Salvation Army. In truth, led by their motto, "The World for God," the battle-field of these aggressive warriors seems to have no limit. There are few important towns in the United States where they have not gained a foothold, and besides having garrisons in every large European city, with the exception of the cities of Russia, they have established outposts in New Zealand, Ceylon, India, South Africa, Australia, South America, and Mexico. Even Russia, which has repulsed the soldiers for many years, has fallen through the conversion of Prince Galitzen. This event was brought about at a meeting in this city scarcely a year ago, and the Prince is now preparing plans for the opening of stations in the big cities and along the route to Siberia. The invasion of Hawaii was accomplished but a few weeks ago, and scouts are now reconnoitring for a weak spot in China. Among the sixty-three converts already reported at Honolulu there are twenty-four natives, eight Chinese, and one Caroline Islander.

Their method of introducing themselves in a new country is simple and effective. They acquire the native tongue, don the costume of the race, live in native fashion, and even change their names so that they may become, as far as possible, a part of the people who surround them. It is on the same plan that their warfare in this city is conducted, and notwithstanding the early opposition, the Army leaders have established a firm foothold in every phase of society in this cosmopolitan town. They have surmounted the loftiest walls to the homes of the millionaires; they have beaten down the breast-works between them and the middle classes, and descended upon the struggling, toiling humanity in the vilest pits and trenches of the slums with uniform success.

The security of their position is maintained only by the closest vigilance and strictest adherence to their various methods, from which, however, much of the adverse criticism has sprung.

In his addresses in this city recently General William Booth, the father of the Army, laid special stress upon the necessity of preserving many methods which would appear fanatical to the casual observer, and much of his time was given to an explanation of the various modes of warfare.

"We have many ways of saving souls," he said, "for there are so many kinds of souls that need saving. Do not feel annoyed and displeased when you see a band of Salvationists with noisy tambourines marching through the street. Rather look upon them in sympathy, for they are trying to reach the outcasts who may be attracted by the sounds of their drumming and singing."

It is in the slums that the Army in this city has achieved its most encouraging results. The movement was organized five years ago, and Major Emma Bown, who directs the work, has gathered around her a corps of devoted young women, known in Army parlance as "Slum Lassies." A few plainly furnished rooms, scrupulously clean, in the rear of a big Cherry Street tenement, constitute their home. There they live, to all outward appearances, in strict accord with the customs of their neighbors. No uniform is theirs. Their dresses are of the cheapest material, with no suggestion of the prevailing style, or even the military braid allowed to sisters who labor in higher fields, and rough black shawls or old-fashioned cloaks protect them from the cold, in place of the Army cape-coat. Even the bonnet is discarded, and in its stead, winter and summer, a heavy black straw hat is worn. Only on close inspection may the Lassies be distinguished from the ordinary women of the slums. Then, at the throat, a small badge may be seen, bearing the motto, "Blood and Fire."

The reception accorded this little band was cheerless and discouraging. They were hooted at, insulted, stoned, and beaten, and not a few still bear marks of the harsh treatment received at the hands of ruffians. Now the feeling against them is dying out; with the results they accomplish it would be impossible for it to last. They are up with the sun, and the day is spent in visitation. They go from door to door, from room to room, in the crowded tenements, offering words of cheer and encouragement to struggling depressed humanity. Where they find sickness they remain to nurse; when a woman is ill, they wash her children. The common gingham aprons are upon them always. They do the house-work in the squalid rooms, even to scrubbing the floors, and when they are ready to depart they simply kneel and offer a brief prayer. That is all. No money is asked, no thanks expected. An important branch of the work is the nursery, where slum babies whose mothers must work are cared for. In the evenings the Lassies hold meetings in a small hall in Cherry Street. Drunkards and outcasts comprise their hearers, with now and then a woman of the street. On publication days they visit saloons and stores with *War Cry's* for sale. And when they meet with jeers or insults they have but the ever-ready reply, "God bless you!"

The other picture is congenial to the senses of the reader. That is the key to the situation it presents. The method of reaching the higher classes, whose help was so earnestly needed, long remained unsolved. Finally a series of parlor meetings was decided upon. The first was held at the residence of Mrs. John Wanamaker, in Washington, during the administration of President Harrison. The wives of the members of the cabinet, several Senators and Congressmen, were present. A hearty interest was aroused in the work described by Mrs. Ballington Booth, and the meeting proved so successful that the parlors of Mrs. J. Hooker Hammersley, of this city, were opened to her. Others followed in their welcome of the sweet-faced woman in blue, whose words of entreaty for the help of mankind found a ready response in every heart, and from the movement sprung the Auxiliary League, which now numbers nearly four thousand men and women in this city and its suburbs.

The tambourine and the bass-drum form no part of the parlor meeting, and although the Army costume is adhered to by Mrs. Booth and the young women who accompany her, it is of fine material and neatly made, and the bonnet is trimmed with broad silk ribbon. There is nothing in their appearance or manner to shock the sensitive or cultured nature. To the company of invited guests Mrs. Booth speaks of the aims and objects of the Army, and describing the work in slums, enlists their friendship and influence as well as their financial aid, that the work may be carried on to greater results.

"Help us to lift them up!" is her earnest plea.

At the close of a parlor meeting it is not uncommon to have every one present step forward and become a member of the League, whose principles require a promise to defend the Army, and the payment of $5 per annum. This amount sinks into insignificance compared with many later donations when members have become personally acquainted with the work. The membership has increased rapidly during the past year, and many ministers of various denominations have been enrolled as Auxiliaries.

Numbered among the stanchest supporters of the movement are Rev. Josiah Strong, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance; Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Da Costa, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Charles A. Briggs; John Willis Baer, General Secretary of the United Societies of the Christian Endeavor; District-Attorney Allen, of Boston; Frances E. Willard; Mrs. Margaret Bottome, founder of the King's Daughters; Miss Grace Dodge, and many of the leading society women of this city, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington.

HARRY B. WILSON.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

OLD Winter is a surly soul,
  Gaunt, haggard, grim, and gray;
His trumpet blast sweeps from the knoll
  All that is green and gay.

But isn't he a poet still,
  Of sweet and gentle art,
Who feels a kind and gentle thrill
  Of sunshine in his heart

When he depicts in dreams wind-tost
  The flowers of summer's train
In arabesques of sparkling frost
  Upon the window-pane?

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE MOSQUITO RESERVE.

THIS question has assumed proportions that invest it with international importance, affecting as it does three powers—Nicaragua, Great Britain, and the United States. Ere briefly discussing the events leading up to the present complications a brief glance at its historic phases is necessary to a clear understanding of the claims of Chief Clarence and his 15,000 subjects.

Mosquitia, as it was known to the early Spanish discoverers, extends along the eastern coast of Nicaragua, a vast tract of country in Central America, facing on the Caribbean Sea, and extending inland to lofty mountains. It was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1502, and the Spaniards laid claim to it. Early in the seventeenth century it was a favorite rendezvous of the buccaneers. It was subjected to Great Britain in 1655, but that country abandoned her claim as recently as 1850, when Earl Grey was the Foreign Secretary. From 1655 to 1850, or nearly two centuries, the Mosquito, to use the English name, was an independent state under the protectorate of Britain.

After Great Britain relinquished her claim many vexatious questions arose as to the rights of the Mosquito king and his subjects. In 1860 a treaty known as the Managua Treaty, taking its name from the Nicaraguan capital, was concluded between Nicaragua and Great Britain. Under the treaty the king of Mosquito, his lineal descendants and subjects, duly recognized the sovereignty of Nicaragua, but they as a people remained as free as formerly, with full power to make their own laws and rule themselves. Their absolute independence was specially stipulated for and accepted by the high contracting parties. The vexed questions between Nicaragua and Great Britain were submitted to his Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, as umpire.

Chief Clarence was ruler of the Mosquitoes until forced to fly. He was elected chief following the death of his uncle, whose successor he is. Following the treaty of 1860, the Mosquito Indians elected the chief. Under their tribal laws he had to be a descendant of the kings of Mosquito. The present chief is twenty-two years old; a very quiet young man, almost boyish in appearance. He has received a good English education.

The importance and increasing wealth of the Mosquito littoral date back just ten years, and are largely due to the banana industry. Bluefields, the capital, had grown rapidly; her population had increased from 1500 to 4000. The rich alluvial soil gave full crops of perfect fruit—the yellow banana. American and British merchants settled in Bluefields. There was a large and steady influx of capital, American and British. So rapid was the development of American industries in the Reserve, including the cutting of mahogany, the introduction of American steamers and tugs on the Bluefields River, that their value in 1893 was estimated at $10,000,000. They owned many large and valuable buildings and warehouses. Bluefields under Chief Clarence and his Executive Committee was growing and improving rapidly. While the Mosquitoes were obscure they were safe. Their present troubles can be traced back to their successful cultivation of the banana and their substantial internal development.

For years Nicaragua had looked on with jealous eyes. In December, 1893, she violated the treaty by sending armed troops into the Reserve, as she alleged, to repel an invasion by Honduras of the coast of Mosquito. This was wholly imaginary, and the most improbable of events, as Nicaragua had sent an army of 5000 men, under General Ortiz, into Honduras to assist the rebels in unseating Vasquez, then President of that republic, and they had been successful.

With the arrival of the Nicaraguan soldiers, 300 strong, in Bluefields, fear and distrust became general, not only among the quiet and peaceable Indians, but among all the foreigners. All recognized the handwriting on the wall.

Under the treaty the Mosquitoes were not allowed to have soldiers of their own; a police force met all requirements. The presence of the Nicaraguan soldiery was a wilful violation of the treaty; the imaginary invasion was their pretext. The world was informed of a battle fought by them. Like the invasion, it was imaginary and bloodless.

Great uncertainty prevailed. General Cabeza was in charge of the men, and General Carlos A. Lacayo was there as a Nicaraguan commissioner. On the 12th of February General Cabeza and his command took forcible possession of Bluefields. The seizure was made at midnight, when the peaceful Indians and inhabitants were asleep. No intimation of their action had been given. They seized the government buildings and the archives of the Mosquito Reserve, opened the prison, releasing thieves and two murderers. They hauled down the Nicaraguan flag, with its Nicaraguan emblem of sovereignty. The next day Chief Clarence and his government were declared rebels. The chief's life was threatened twice, when he took up quarters with Mr. Edwin D. Hatch, the acting British consul. The Nicaraguans held Bluefields, when very opportunely H.M.S. *Mohawk* arrived. At the universal request of the foreigners she landed sixty men, fully equipped for active service. They encamped at Bluefields Bluff, on property whose use was volunteered by American owners. But for the wreck of the U.S.S. *Kearsarge* on Roncador Reef she would have been the first war-vessel to arrive.

A conference was held between Chief Clarence, his council, and the captain of the *Mohawk*, when General Cabeza offered to retire to Rama, sixty miles up the Bluefields River—General Carlos A. Lacayo tacitly undoing General Cabeza's seizure, and recognizing Chief Clarence and his people *de novo*.

Later the U. S. S. *Marblehead* arrived. A conference between the captains of the men-of-war followed, when the *Marblehead* sent a landing-party of sixty to Bluefields. Later the *Mohawk* left, when General Cabeza, at Rama, seized some American vessels and forced their crews to take him and his men to Bluefields. The arguments were loaded rifles in the hands of a semisavage soldiery. They returned to Bluefields, and encamped at Bluefields Bluff. The captain of the *Marblehead* was about to take very active measures to force them to return, when the U.S.S. *Columbia* arrived. Her captain ranked the captain of the *Marblehead*. He did nothing.

Men-of-war came and went. Soon 700 soldiers arrived from Greytown, making a total of 1000 men. Once fully in possession, their commander informed the American and British captains that they, representing Nicaragua, could maintain peace and protect life, and that their further presence was undesirable. A new reign of terror was in order. Many families moved into the woods. All feared the Nicaraguans. The rains were on. There was much sickness and dying. A number became insane through hardships. Chief Clarence had gone on board the *Mohawk*, and was taken with nearly 200 refugees to Port Limon in Costa Rica. Thence they proceeded to Jamaica. Nicaraguan excesses followed. Cannon were fired in the streets to terrorize the poor Indians. The Mosquito flag was hauled down a second time, torn into shreds, and fired from the cannon. Soon Bluefields's population was 500. Later, American citizens and British subjects, all men in excellent standing, were forcibly taken from their homes and callings, taken to Managua, and without a hearing or trial, expelled from the country.

Chief Clarence is in exile. Nicaragua has assumed full sway. Fifteen thousand quiet and peaceable people have been deprived of their birthrights and divested of their independence. Chief Clarence is the guest of Great Britain in Jamaica. There he is allowed £4 18s. a day. The American and British consuls at Greytown were deprived of their *exequaturs*.

The Kingston, Jamaica, correspondence of the United Press indicates that Great Britain's grievance calls for redress. This view has been fully endorsed by the statements published that General Barrios, the Nicaraguan minister, has failed in his mission to the Court of St. James. The Treaty of Managua of 1860 in no wise conflicts with the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty.

WOLFRED NELSON.

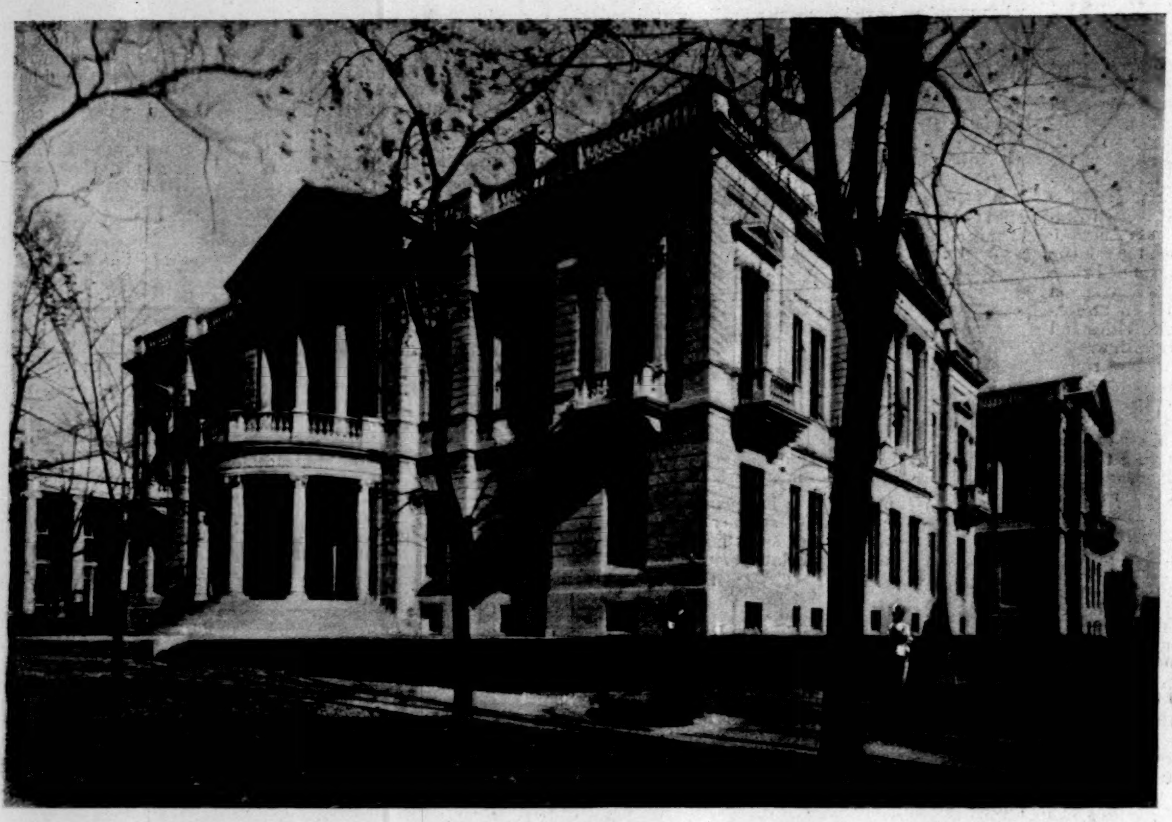
EDWIN UPTON CURTIS, MAYOR-ELECT OF BOSTON.

BOSTON, although normally a Democratic city, is somewhat given to independent voting in municipal affairs. It is largely due to this fact that although, in the national and State election of a month before, the city withstood the Republican tidal wave by giving a plurality of something over 3000 for the Democratic candidate for Governor, the Republican candidate for Mayor, Edwin Upton Curtis, was chosen at the election of December 11th by a plurality of 2515 over the Democratic candidate, Francis W. Peabody. In the election of Mr. Curtis, Boston continues the recent fashion of young men for Mayors set in the election of Mayor Matthews four years ago, and followed by Cambridge and several other Massachusetts cities. Mr. Curtis is even younger than was Mr. Matthews at the time of his first election, having been born in 1861, in what was then the city of Roxbury, now a part of Boston. His father, the late George Curtis, was a prominent citizen of that suburb, and a large building contractor. He was one of the last of the "old-timers" who clung to the traditional blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, in which costume he was a picturesque figure at the Boston City Hall when he served as Alderman. Edwin Upton Curtis was fitted for college in the Little Blue School at Framingham, Massachusetts, and in 1882 graduated from Bowdoin College with the degree of B.A. He studied law in the office of the late Hon. William O. Gaston, ex-Governor of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Boston. In 1885 he received the degree of A.M., and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1885. Engaging in practice as a member of the law firm of Reed & Curtis, he soon gained a handsome reputation as an able and popular advocate. He has lately been particularly prominent as a counsel for the defence in the protracted investigation of the Board of Commissioners of Public Institutions by the Boston Board of Aldermen, serious charges having been brought against the management. Mr. Curtis has for some time taken a leading part in local politics. In 1888 he was secretary of the Republican city committee. In 1889, when Mayor Hart was elected by the Republicans, and that party also chose a majority of the City Council, Mr. Curtis was elected by the Council to the important office of City Clerk, which he filled to the satisfaction of the public. Mr. Curtis is a prominent member of the Masonic order, and inherited from his father an ample fortune.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARDONING POWER.

THE most disagreeable of the many duties of the President of the United States, perhaps, is to pass upon petitions for pardon. He is the final resort of criminals convicted under the Federal laws. This includes all under sentence for crimes committed in the Territories or the District of Columbia, or for crimes against the national banking laws or the postal laws. Usually the crime which the President is asked to pardon or condone carries a sentence of imprisonment; sometimes the President is asked to commute a sentence of death.

Business of every kind is sifted carefully before it gets to the President's desk. If it comes direct to the White House, it has to pass the scrutiny of the clerks in the outer office, and if it gets past them, it has to have the approval of Mr. Thurber before it comes to the President's eye. If it comes by way of a department, it works up through clerks and bureau chiefs to the head of the department before it goes to the White House. And if it stands the test of their scrutiny, it must be a matter of great importance, and one that really requires the President's personal attention. So



THE NEW CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

the proportion of executive business submitted to the President's personal consideration is very small. Still, it is enough to keep Mr. Cleveland in his office frequently until midnight.

There is a rule at the White House that all applications for pardon shall pass through the Department of Justice before they come to the President. So, whether the applicant submits his plea orally or in writing, it is referred to the Pardon Clerk in the brownstone building on the opposite side of Pennsylvania Avenue. If the applicant calls at the White House in person, he seldom gets beyond the outer door. When he states his business to the usher, he is referred to the Department of Justice. Even if he succeeds in passing the doorkeeper, the clerks upstairs will tell him that there is only one thing to do—to file his plea in writing with the Pardon Clerk. If the application comes in writing, it does not get beyond the clerk who opens the President's mail. He refers it to the Department of Justice immediately, and a letter is sent to the applicant saying that this reference has been made. These letters are printed, with blanks left for the date, the address, and the signature of the President's secretary.

Hardly a week passes that does not bring to either the President or Mrs. Cleveland a pathetic plea for mercy. Neither the President nor Mrs. Cleveland ever sees them. There is no chance of getting around the iron-clad rule in this way; there is not one chance in a thousand of getting around it in any way. Even a Senator or a member of the House who came to the White House with an application for pardon would be referred by Mr. Thurber to the Pardon Clerk.

This Pardon Clerk of the Department of Justice also has a rule. It is almost as strict as the White House rule. No petition for pardon is sent to the Attorney-General unless it has the endorsement of the district attorney who prosecuted or the judge who tried the case. Political influence may set this rule aside, but it seldom does. This simplifies the Pardon Clerk's work very greatly. About thirty per cent. of the applications for pardon come within the rule. Seventy per cent., then, are weeded out by the Pardon Clerk after a casual inspection. The remaining thirty per cent. have a careful examination. It is the Pardon Clerk's duty to master the contents of all the papers in these chosen cases, and to make a careful synopsis of them for the Attorney-General. Neither the Attorney-General nor the President would have the time to study the papers in all cases in detail. The testimony, arguments, and petitions filed in the case of E. B. Harper, the Cincinnati bank president, weighed twelve pounds. This case was extraordinary; but the papers filed in the simplest cases are usually enough to fill a large volume.

If the papers which are filed with the Pardon Clerk have not been through the hands of the district attorney who prosecuted the case, they are usually referred to him for examination. When they come back to the Department of Justice they are briefed and submitted to the Attorney-General. When the Attorney-General reaches them in the course of business he passes judgment on them, and sends them to the President with a recommendation. The President's private secretary takes them and lays them before the President when no other business engrosses his attention. The President goes over the Attorney-General's report and the accompanying briefs. If he cannot form a satisfactory judgment from these, he sends for the Attorney-General, and together they go over the papers and discuss the case.

The President listens to personal appeals in only one class of cases—those involving the death penalty. In all others he passes judgment from the pleas submitted in writing. In cases of capital punishment he usually forms his judgment from the papers on file before he receives the friends of the condemned man. The interview is accorded to them from purely sentimental considerations. The President wishes them to feel that no opportunity has been denied to them, and to give them the assurance that he has really made a personal investigation of the case.

About 500 applications for pardon come to the Department of Justice every year. The greater number of these is from the District of Columbia, and the cases are not important. There are more applications for pardons than for commutations. A pardon carries with it the restoration of citizenship. The President is sometimes petitioned to pardon a criminal one or two days before his sentence expires.

About 150 cases go to the President every year, and at least one-fourth of these are rejected. In the remaining cases the President grants either commutation or pardon. Twenty per cent. of applications for clemency granted is a larger proportion probably than the Governor of any of the States can show. The President is disposed to be merciful. Yet the rejection of perhaps one-twelfth of all the petitions that are made is a more disagreeable task (so President Harrison often said) than any other duty which falls to the President's lot.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE NEW CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG.

FOR many years the subject of a new Capitol building for Pennsylvania has been mooted at each session of the State Legislature. The old buildings are inadequate in every respect; they are so rich in historic associations that the Legislature would not allow them to be destroyed.

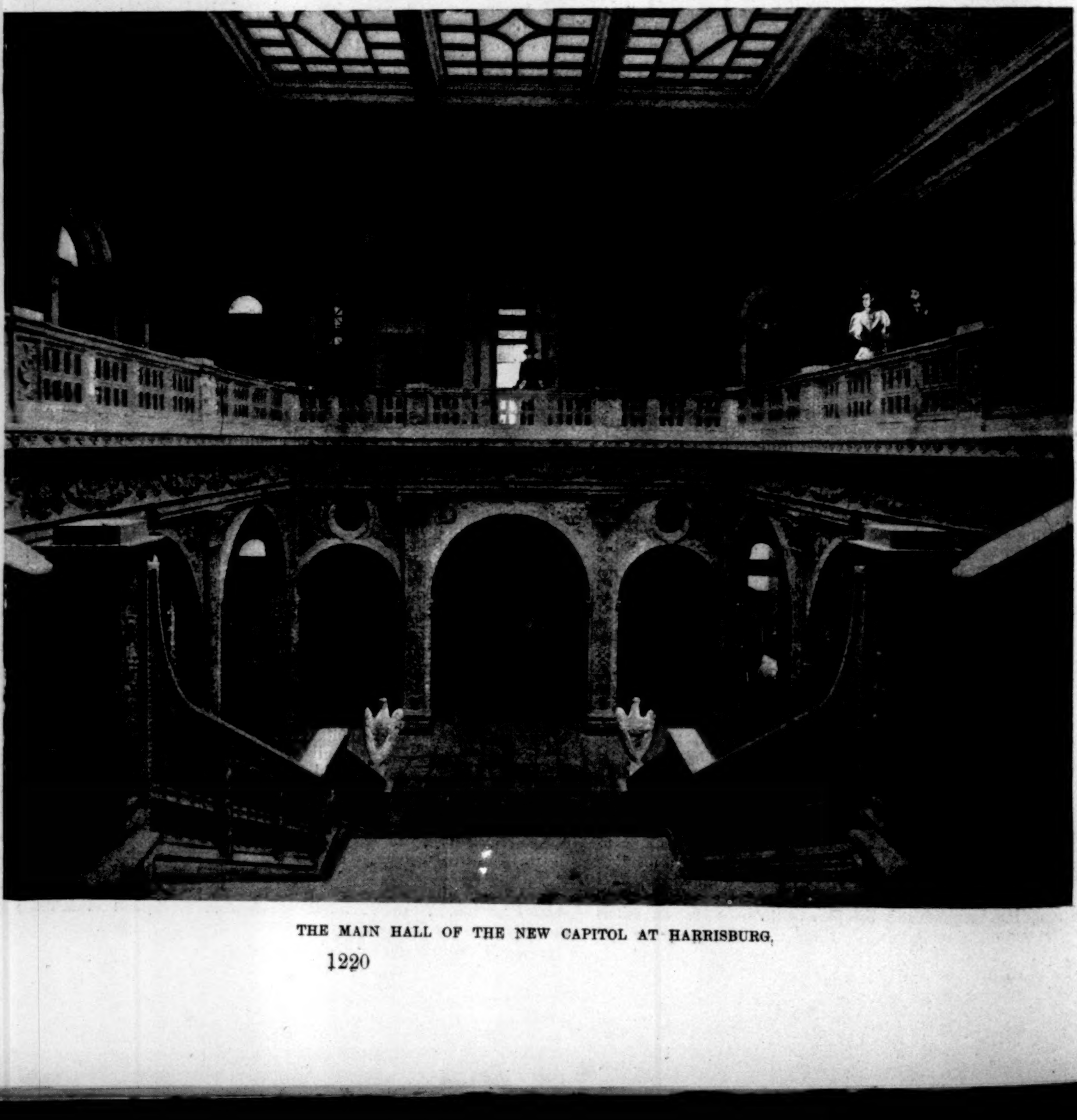
Two years ago it was finally determined to leave the old Capitol buildings intact, but to erect a new edifice beside them in the centre of the spacious Capitol Park. That building has just been completed, some two months before the stipulated time. Its cost was $800,000.

The new Capitol is a magnificent piece of work both from an architect's and an artisan's point of view. It is built in the purest style of the Italian Renaissance; it is perfectly proportioned in every detail, and embodies in white stone the highest forms of creative art and mechanical skill. Apparently one edifice, it practically consists of two distinct buildings, as the new State Library, with a capacity for 500,000 volumes, is entirely separate from the executive department, the only inside means of communication being through a private door. The executive building has a front of 120 feet, and a depth of 105. It is entered from a semi-circular portico, supported by Ionic columns. The walls of the immense vestibule are lined with polished Sienna marble, which contrast well with the elaborately carved pilasters of Caen stone that support a half-groined ceiling, beautifully modelled and panelled in stucco. The vestibule opens through an arched doorway into a long hall 45 feet high. Half-way up is a gallery running the entire length of the hall. The gallery is supported by carved columns and arches. The architrave and frieze are elaborately carved. There are heads of the Indian, the African, the Oriental; of fauns and satyrs; of Penn, Meade, Franklin, Mifflin, and Wayne; and life-sized eagles with extended wings. The walls of the hall are lined with light Numidian marble set in a base of pink Georgian marble. Each wall is broken into panels by pilasters and bands of richly carved Caen stone. All of the doorways in the building are arched and carved.

In the executive building will soon be found the offices of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of the Commonwealth, Attorney-General, Auditor-General, and State Treasurer.

The Library is 147 feet long, 55 wide, and 30 high. Around the four walls, at a height of 15 feet, runs a gallery. Around this the bookcases are arranged in alcoves, each alcove being entirely distinct, and having a large window as well as table and chairs. The building naturally is fire-proof, even the cases being of metal. Every room, whether large or small, is perfectly finished, and speaks well for the skill of the architect, John T. Windrim, of Philadelphia, and for the work of the contractors, also of the Quaker City. The various departments are now moving as rapidly as possible into the new Capitol, and it is probable that Governor Pattison will be able to enjoy the commodious quarters for a few weeks at least before he resigns the insignia of authority to General D. H. Hastings.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.



THE MAIN HALL OF THE NEW CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG.

AN ARCHITECT AT THE GATES OF THE BEAUX-ARTS.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE.—[SEE PAGE 1222.]

1. Main Entrance on the Quai. 2. Reading the "Liste des Aspirants reçus aux Examens." 3. Procession of the "Nouveaux." 4. Working with a Candle in one Hand, a Paint-Brush in the other.

AN ARCHITECT AT THE GATES OF THE BEAUX-ARTS.

BY JOHN M. HOWELLS.

COMING to Paris to try for the National School of Fine Arts may be amusing ("Must be most so, I'm sure," as your vaguely interested friends tell you), but if amusement is to be in any way differentiated from very hard work, then there must surely be other things that are more entertaining. But perhaps this ought only to be said of the preparation itself—of the tedious and careful liquifying and refilling in French moulds of your stiffened and congealing knowledge of certain fields of mathematics—all of which has to be done in the lonely laboratory of your own closet; for the circumstances and conditions attending the examinations are certainly most amusing, and Paris—nobody need be told how far from dull Paris is.

Yet Paris was not very bright on the last day of a certain March three years past; and when I arrived, in the misty darkness of the late afternoon, I even found her weeping—as gayly as possible, it must be confessed, and trying to pretend that the myriads of tears which dripped from every tree and cornice were not tears at all, but merely an arrangement of decorations to catch the rays of all the artificial lights with which she decks herself. With this she could deceive only new-comers like myself, for those who live long enough in the white wetness of her winter streets come to know that for three months at least she always drips like this, her walls and pavements glistening with collected drops even when it does not rain.

Almost the next day Paris awoke to herself—her true self this time; or so the Parisians would have you think. The spring broke with incredible suddenness. The Luxembourg Gardens warmed into basking and chattering life; light clouds of fragrant blossoms settled on its rows of *marronniers*; a thousand bare-kneed little French children, whose existence you had not before suspected, seemed to own the alleys under them, and the passengers on the *impériales* of the three-horse omnibuses that pounded down hill under my window really took off their hats and mopped their brows, so sure were they that summer was come.

By this time most of the architectural *aspirants* for the École were well at work for the July examinations, and we American late-comers were much hurried to learn the first knots in the great tangle of red-tape in which preparation for a French national school seems hopelessly involved.

But now it ought to be said, almost before anything else, how really fine is the way foreigners are welcomed to the École des Beaux-Arts. It is a French school; beyond that, a national school; it is conceived, perfected, and supported by the French government; and yet foreigners of every nation are as welcome to all it can give them as Frenchmen themselves. They enter every department without a charge, profit by the freest instruction and finest criticism that the world can now offer (architecturally, at least), and they take all this out of France, and away to the farthest corners of the earth, that art may be loved the more truly for this lesson, and that the best may everywhere be better.

Almost every American architectural student, on reaching the latin quarter, is taken in hand by his compatriots at once, and probably the morning after he arrives is led to a certain M. X. to have his French started, improved, polished, or adapted to the technical needs of the examinations, as the case may be. From nearly a block away he may detect the professor's residence, blazoned as it is by certain green shades of a row of windows *au troisième*, the centre shade proclaiming in vast yellow letters the existence of an "École des Langues vivantes," and the adjacent shades dwindling off on either side with smaller inscriptions in less important tongues. Here you are presented to the professor, who, almost on introduction, deprecates the three flights of waxed stairs which lead to his home, explaining how painfully he has besought his *concierge* not to polish them so highly, for their smoothness is quite dangerous, especially to foreigners. "No less than four American ladies have," he assures you, "nearly been destroyed by them."

The American's next step is to join a preparatory atelier, where he is given very thorough preparation in his architectural requirements, and very insufficient in those for drawing and modelling, at fifty francs a month. In this atelier he first comes in contact with the younger French students; they are not cut on quite the same pattern as real students in a real "school" atelier, but still they have all the French characteristics of these and some of their student ones. Here there is no *rapinage*, or prescribed fagging for the older man, such as retards him in his work for a year, or even longer, after his membership in a school atelier, and which, though it seems hard to bear, and even outrageous to many Americans, has probably been just the same since the time of the Bourgeois King, and is not likely to give way before our transatlantic indignation. All that the *aspirant* has to submit to in the preparatory atelier is a general cry, the instant the patron's coat tail is out of the door, of "*Qu'est ce que tu paie, eh! l'Américain, là-bas?*" and then he is hurried off by certain watering mouths to bring back bottles of bad beer or wine; or perhaps, since to these fellows "American" is only another way of saying millionaire, he will be assured solemnly that every *nouveau* is expected to pay a whole bottle of madeira, and on his calmly bringing back this incredible prize he will be greeted with suppressed shrieks and pokes and witticisms and frantic dancing by the Frenchmen, to show how cleverly they have worked this capitalist by putting on a bold front, and how they could probably have induced him to lay down uncalculated sums in specie by a properly frowning demand.

Then he is stood on a table, and they begin to drink with real good-fellowship and some very nice little speeches to his future, in and out of the atelier, when suddenly this is all cut short by a muffled roar, and sounds of approaching unmusical instruments, which define themselves to his consciousness above the street sounds that have filled unheeded before the open windows of the atelier. All rush at these openings with such a unanimity of movement that they arrive in a solid mass, only the front ones gaining places to see, until their backs and shoulders and heads are mounted on by those behind. Advancing round a bend of the narrow little street below comes the van of what bids fair to be a most extraordinary procession. The front is held by a row of students blowing—not playing—parts or wholes of huge brass horns. Behind them a little space come four wretched, unrecognizable mortals, in the traditional atelier *blouse*, which is a pitiful shift of sackcloth, hanging from the shoulders to some point on the person wearing it, determined entirely by his individual stature; for the dimensions of the *blouse* are as immutable as any of the conditions of student life.

These four martyrs are *nouveaux* in some atelier, which is now honoring them with what is charmingly called their "reception"; they stumble blindly ahead over the broad slippery cobbles, their bare feet and legs smeared with mud, and sing (as this happens to be the moment of the student riots) a gay little march, beginning "Béranger a mal au cheveux; on va lui couper la tê-ê-ê-te!" and going on to other verses, born the day before, or perhaps that morning, involving Lozé, the wretched *préfet de police*, and other tyrants of the moment, and not transcribable, for many reasons. Directly behind come a number of *anciens*, mounted on a high hand-cart, who squirt cold water on the singers from behind in time to the music, and after these again the whole atelier, linked arm in arm, and stretching far down the street, all shouting in chorus (or out), waving flags, banners, and devices, and wearing any object on their heads that can be made to stay there except a hat. The procession moves shamblingly ahead, looking neither to the right nor left. From gazing on the tops of their heads, you come to see only their backs; the noise shrivels gradually, and they turn off up the boulevard, headed toward one of their cafés, where the four heroes will crown their honors by being allowed to pay their *bienvenue* to the crowd, and any breakages that may occur in the process.

The preparation for the examinations goes on from this time with great steadiness, and among the Americans, at least, with ever-increasing determination and ever-greater application, though truly the serious ones are already working so hard that they could hardly add to their work-hours and eat or sleep. It is here that a startling difference shows between the Frenchmen and their American fellows, which attracts your attention from day to day. The Frenchman comes up from the country, or from his greater or smaller provincial town, at, say, nineteen. Till now he has been kept strictly at home, or infinitely more strictly at a *Lycée*, and he is now suddenly tossed into Paris, like a more or less bright pebble into a pool whose waters are not quite clean enough to let one see what becomes of it. So his first few months, far from any anxiety as to what the École expects of him as conditions of membership, are spent in arranging certain companionships of his Paris sojourn, above which his thoughts probably, and his conversation certainly (to the extent of being a great bore), do not rise for a moment.

So he fails at his examinations with smiling flagrancy, hardly conscious of having tried them—for his family have probably not yet begun to send up letters from their own little home in the provinces, which has been made the duller to keep him at the École, asking nervously about his work, and begging him to tell them if he wins any prizes.

After that he finds himself at once in the long ranks of those who have failed once or twice or thrice or more times, to an often astonishing limit. These form the type of French *aspirant*. They probably join some school atelier, and between the two sets of examinations a year, in March and July, they employ themselves in shirking as much of their *nouveau* work as possible (for, of course, *aspirants* are *nouveaux* forever), and adopt the popular fatalistic view of the examinations, which is a comfortable tenet, and absolves them from too much responsibility. "Que veut-tu?" they say, individually; "je n'ai pas de chance."

Though they are wrong in not trying, they can hardly be blamed for not getting into the school, for when the lists of registration are posted, some morning early in June, the biennial wave of despair passes through the boldest of the *aspirants* when he sees that nearly three hundred will try the examinations, with a rumored vacancy of thirty places!

Now all at once, with a great bound, as always with such events, the examinations change character for you. From the rather nebulous group that they have seemed to your inattention at a comfortable distance, they suddenly leap forward, and you find yourself face to face with them in near and definite sequence, the foremost nearly clutching you by the throat. You hurry home in a panic, and stand dazed before your accumulation of preparatory books; although you have left them only an hour ago, they all look queerly unfamiliar, and you rush away again for companionship, and some one to put your fright in words for you.

Sooner or later the eve of the architectural trial arrives, and the next morning you find yourself hampered with board and T square, penned in with the whole herd of *aspirants*, who have never till now been together in the long narrow court of the Beaux-Arts, opposite the entrance to the *Loges*. Then the first phase of the day reveals itself. It appears that the *logistes* for the *Grand Prix de Rome* are *en loge*. It is the painters this time, and the usually desolate row of third-story windows is crowded with the shaggy heads and "half-lengths" of the artists, mostly with half-burned cigarettes hanging from their mouths, and with their arms and shoulders only removed in point of costume by a torn shirt from the nudity of their models—all crushed together into the same small openings; for only one side of the windows will open, the other being occupied by a little stove-pipe sticking out into the open air, and lazily ejecting a thin thread of smoke. It is warm enough for all ordinary beings, but most of the stoves are kept alight for the models.

This row of strange creatures looks down at the herd of *aspirants* inimically. The *aspirants* look back at them. Suddenly, at a slight movement along the windows, long streams of water shoot out into the air from a concealed battery of squirt-guns, and fall splashing on the heads and carefully prepared boards of the *aspirants*. A shout of triumph comes from one side, and a roar of angry dismay breaks from the other. Then every one begins to shout at once from the windows, "*Eh! tas de sales nouveaux!*" shriek the logistes. "Run home to your mammas, or we'll drown you d—— sort of pigs!" The *aspirants* howl with anger, and jump up and down, shaking their T squares at the windows. Then one voice makes itself heard above the din: "It's that face-of-a-camel in the third window that wet my board! Notice me his melon-head that amuses itself with such baby-tricks!" But before he has finished, all the crowd and noise have seemed to concentrate under one window, where a wretched model, after throwing a bowlful of painty water, has got stuck in the window-sash and dropped the bowl to the pavement, where it has smashed to powder. Her angry struggles to free herself only bruise her unprotected body, and she is rescued in tears by those inside from the torrent of abuse thrown at her just as the doors are opened, and the *aspirants* file up stairs in alphabetical order.

Up under the roof you are arranged two by two in little pens which line the edges of a room or hall two hundred feet long, and there you wait breathless, all eyes fixed on the school-guardian with the bundle of programmes. The first man to get one shrieks the subject aloud, and then every one else tries not to look scared; for of course it is just what nobody had suspected, and quite different from the carefully studied programmes certain preparatory professors had "recommended to notice," with a metaphorical wink.

Shortly after the programmes are given out a certain crowd of Frenchmen, who are not nervous at trying their examinations for the reason that familiarity breeds contempt, try to clear the centre tables of workers and have breakfast, because that is the way the regular students act *en loge*. But the majority, who are very nervous and very much in earnest, refuse to stir, or even look up from their boards, and are content to work with a piece of bread in one hand and a great slab of *galantine* on the table beside them. So most of the twelve hours wear away with treacherous quickness (except for the wretched guardians, who eat and sleep and look at their watches), till all at once you cannot tell the difference between the greens and blues in your box. You look up; it is almost dark, and several specks of yellow light are flickering far down the darkness of the tables. From this on you work madly with a brush in one hand and candle in the other, and at the exhibition next day these conditions of work are evident in the water-colors.

This architectural test is eliminatory, as also the drawing from a cast, and the modelling which follows, and then comes the test which only the fittest (or the luckiest) survive—the mathematical examinations.

The first is a written test, and will be called hard or not according as you know the questions asked. The second is oral, and sure to be uncomfortable in any case. It is held in one of the amphitheatres by a certain professor, who is a nobleman, and decorated, and is rumored to accept no salary. He is a good but most uncompromising examiner.

This examination, begun with an arbitrary letter of the alphabet, lasts over many days, and if you are not there when your name is called—*tant pis!* The musty little amphitheatre, heated and breathless as only a French recitation-room can be, begins the week with an atmosphere which fouls day by day, till it is all your lungs can do to suck in the hot garlic-tainted gas in which your head beats with semi-asphyxiation. But the *aspirant* must be there all day, writing down with stiffened fingers the questions as they are given and answered—or not answered, usually. The foreigner, sitting as near as may be to the platform, must keep close watch for his name, for it is sure to be pronounced in some new way different again from the hundred other mispronunciations with which he has already familiarized himself. When it is called at last by the frowning professor, impatient at its difficulty on his lips, who looks sharply up and glowers along the rows of motionless faces, with his finger still on the name, the *aspirant* must rise—"Voilà, monsieur"—and go down the aisle and up on the platform.

Then there is a moment's pause, while *M. l'Examinateur* seats himself in his chair, and the student feels the tiers on tiers of eyes behind him all fixed on a point between his shoulders, and the tiers on tiers of minds all expectant of another failure. For the greater part of the orals the form of procedure is something like this: There is a question proposed by the examiner, and then a few slow scribblings by the *aspirant*, which die out fitfully, and are followed by complete inertia during five silent minutes by the clock—which hardly moves in that wretched amphitheatre. Then the professor: "Effacez moi cela, s'il vous plait." Then the second question, which perhaps starts the scholar off like a mechanical toy on a dash of lightning calculation, with which he whitens the board like a mad snow-storm, till, for no apparent reason, it comes to a stop—such a stop, so sudden, so unexpected, and so short that every one blinks, and you can almost hear a physical thud. Then everything so motionless that it seems as if there were never such a stillness before. You watch a sweat-drop work slowly down from the *aspirant's* temple to his collar. Then *M. l'Examinateur* gives a very soft, very prolonged sigh, "Je vous remercie."

The course of this examination is, however, broken now and again by the performance of some student who is remarkably strong—quite startlingly so to the nervous audience—and who is unassailable in his real and conscious knowledge of the mathematics in hand. The examiner will sometimes try to sound such a man with an extra hard question, and if he is not to be caught, his performance is all the more brilliant, and he retires in glory from the stage, leaving the professor secretly delighted, and the rest openly dismayed. Every one looks at him sidewise as he leaves the room, and whispers to his neighbor nervously.

The oral history examination with which the series is ended is quite a different scene, much less frightful, and even amusing for any one with a little more general education than the average French *aspirant*. The field of preparation is simple and broad, being universal history. The knowledge of it, in most cases, is nothing. The examiner here has the reputation of helping the *aspirant* good-naturedly, and certainly he is often incredibly in need of help. An American student, waiting at this examination for his turn, told me how the professor had got to the man fifth before himself, whom he asked who Shakespeare was. The student did not know, and was allowed to sit down. The next three had never heard of Shakespeare either, and sat down before the saddened examiner in succession. The fifth man, seeing it was not the *coup* to be ignorant of Shakespeare, answered yes, that he had heard of him. The professor was delighted. "Good," he said; "and what can you tell me of his works?" The *aspirant* said, "I particularly admire his novels." A few answers from a year-old note-book, taken on the spot, will show that this incredible standard is sometimes not raised. I find this:

Question. "What language did Christ speak?"
Answer. "I don't know, monsieur."
Q. "*Allons, mon ami*, did He speak Greek?"
A. "I don't know, monsieur."
Q. "Did He speak Latin?"
A. "I'm not sure, monsieur."
Q. "Now, tell me, then, did He speak French?"
A. "Yes, monsieur."

Perhaps the most remarkable among the many answers recorded is this: "Who was Moses?" "One of the ministers of Louis XIV."

Most of the *aspirants* do, however, get through their history with more or less help, and then the work is over for good—or ill—and nothing more can be done till weeks later, when the fatal list is posted some morning in the vestibule of the school. As soon as the *aspirant* hears it is there, he drops whatever he is doing, if he be still in Paris, and runs to the school. There is the list—he sees it fresh on the well-known bulletin-board as he approaches. In an instant he will know whether he has thrown away three months' work and six more months' enforced idleness, or whether— "*Épreuves d'Admission*," he reads at the top. "*Liste des aspirants reçus aux examens du mois de Juillet.*" Below is the list—his eyes swim—he cannot look at it—yes, he must—he must. And if, under the proper letter of the alphabet, he finds his own name, looking strangely foreign in the formal handwriting, he can hardly force himself to believe that it means himself; and he walks slowly off, out of the gates of the École—*his* École—up the Rue Bonaparte to the Boulevard—anywhere—with all the people and houses seeming very vague and unimportant through the rose mist that gradually closes in around him.

MATRIMONIAL NOTE FROM BUFFALO.

"LOVE will find a way" is responsible, it seems, for one of the most extraordinary minor events of recent times, if the accounts which come from Buffalo, where it happened, are to be relied on.

It teaches, too, many valuable lessons, not the least of which is the futility of interfering with true love; which is our excuse for touching upon it, if any excuse is needed for pausing before the marvellous.

We learn from the despatches that Miss Nellie Shrively is a quite young and exceptionally handsome girl, who lived till recently with her brother in the northern part of the city.

This brother is the Reverend William Shrively, Pastor of the Kensington Methodist Episcopal Church. Early on Saturday evening, while the reverend gentleman was in his study at work on his sermon for the following day, he chanced to look out of the window, and was astonished to see his sister walking rapidly away with a young man named Herbert Sayles. Mr. Shrively knew it meant an elopement. Now it happened that he was acquainted with this young man, and in no way approved of him. Opening his study window, he called upon his sister to halt. It was raining heavily. Night was shutting down, and the wind swept across the open suburban fields in angry gusts. The thunder muttered sullenly, and great banks of black storm-clouds hung just above the curling spray of the lake. In reply to his orders to halt, the young folks started "on a run across the fields through the deep grass." Mr. Shrively was, in further words of the despatch, "only partly attired," lacking, it continues, "hat, coat, and waistcoat." However, dashing his pen behind his ear and clinching his teeth, he leaped through the window and started in pursuit. Sea-gulls, blown helpless before the driving gale, swept across his path, and the hollow echoes of the fog-horn of a wrecked vessel smote his ear; albeit the good man pressed on, and slackened not, till at the end of a half-mile he overtook the erring youths. But, alas! too often in this world the reward of effort is disappointment; the young man "grappled with the minister, threw him down, and sat on him," crying the while above the hoarse roar of the storm, "Run, Nellie, run!"

Here, it seems to us, was a remarkable, possibly a unique situation: the bride bounding away through the long grass into the darkness and the tempest, the bridegroom firmly sitting on the clergyman and bellowing encouragement to the bride, and over all the shock and clash of the elements battling for supremacy. But the situation was short-lived. Nellie did run, and finally she took refuge in the house of an unsympathetic individual named Warren. Then the young man relinquished his seat and followed her. Together they penetrated the garret of the Warren house, but when the Reverend Mr. Shrively arrived, this man Warren ordered them out. Sayles refused to go; but two policemen were called and he was removed. Then Mr. Shrively forcibly took up his sister, tossed her into Warren's carriage, and "made a dash for home." But the roads were by this time deep with mud, and young Sayles, spurred on by the pure flame of undying love, managed to keep up with the horse, shouting through the rain and darkness words of cheer to his bride. When the carriage drew up before the Shrively house the girl jumped out, ran in and locked the front door in the face of her brother. She then passed out the back door. The clergyman entered through his study window, tossed his pen on the desk as unfitted for the business in hand, and for ten minutes searched the house for his sister. Sayles had in the mean time dropped out of sight. He appeared, however, a little later, with the young lady at the house of his brother, on Hill Street, where, at eleven o'clock, the storm having in a measure abated, they were pronounced man and wife by the Reverend Mr. James Barry, Pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd. At that very moment, a half-dozen blocks away, the Reverend Mr. William Shrively finished his sermon and leaned back in his chair as he ran his eye over the hymn-book in search of suitable musical numbers for the following day's service. At midnight the storm was over, and the stars shone calmly above the long swell of the dark, rolling lake.

As we said in the first place, this well illustrates the folly of attempting to stop enthusiastic young people from eloping. It is a thing very seldom accomplished. We do not see where, after having once committed himself to a policy of force, that the Reverend Mr. Shrively could have done better. He made a good fight. Even had he been stronger physically, and sat upon the bridegroom instead of furnishing him a seat, it could have made no difference. He could not always have sat thus and had his meals brought to him. The marriage was inevitable.

In one course, and in one only, was there any hope for the clergyman. If, when he saw the couple start, he had appeared at his study window and called upon them to come in and let him perform the ceremony and keep the fee in the family, we believe that the young people might have been embarrassed, hung their heads, and come back and said that they had concluded to let it go for the present.

H. C.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

ADORN YOUR HOME.

CHRISTMAS is approaching. Young and old will soon meet around the joyful Christmas tree. What shall we buy as presents for our kindred and friends? The brains of thousands are racking to solve this problem, only to be confronted by another tormenting question—will your selection be liked? And still how easily can this matter be solved! The charming Diaphanies—or colored Glass Pictures—of Messrs. Grimme & Hempel, 310 Broadway, New York, offer a splendid opportunity of most thoughtful and appropriate gifts, which will always please and create a perpetual source of delight. These wonderful transparencies are made up in the daintiest styles, and can be used for hanging in or decorating entire windows. The frames are novel—some have a plain border of nickel or brass, others a cathedral border in which large colored discs are used, and in others an etched border in black and white relieves the gayer-tinted pictures.

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—[*Adv.*]

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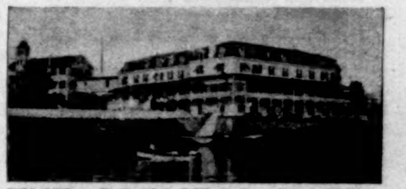

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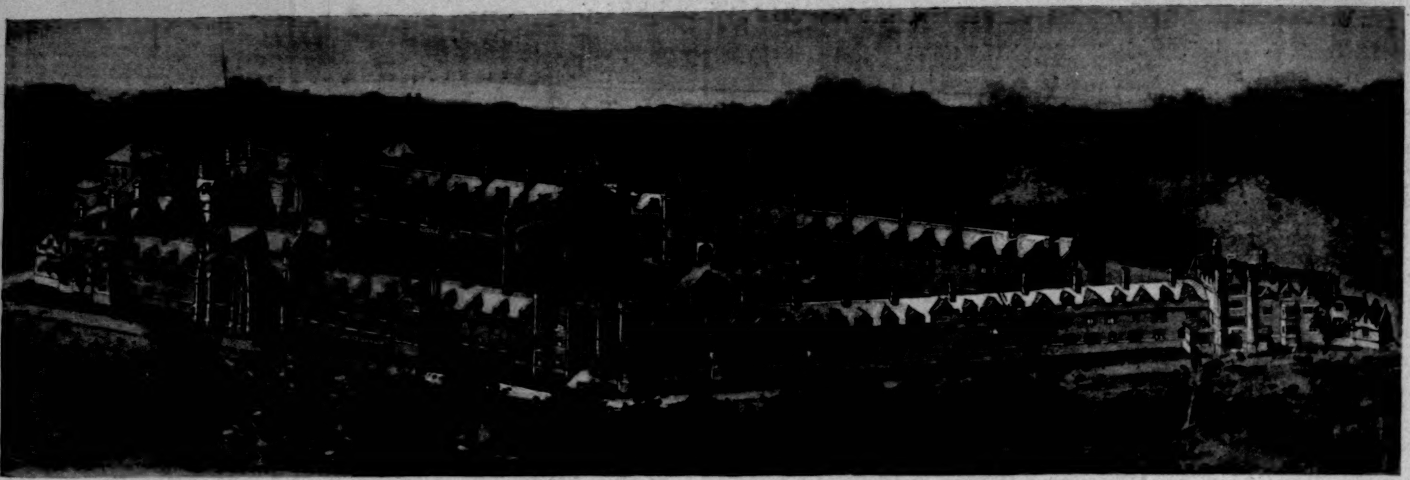


THE PROPOSED COTTAGE DORMITORIES FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

COTTAGE DORMITORIES FOR STUDENTS.

THE University of Pennsylvania is one of the few big colleges in the country that have no dormitories for their students. But now it proposes to supply this defect. Its management expects to spend in all one million dollars on living-apartments for the students, and it will start right away with the expenditure of $210,000, and put up buildings which will accommodate 250 men.

The plan which has been adopted for these dormitories is one entirely new in this country. It is like that of the old dormitories at the English universities. It will require the use of more ground than is given to the living-quarters at Yale, Harvard, or Princeton, but it will also result in apartments which promise to be much more pleasant and healthful than those of the last-mentioned institution.

The idea is to have a large number of small buildings instead of several very big ones. These cottages will be built in continuous blocks on ground adjoining the present college buildings, and will be easy of access to the students in all departments of the institution. They will, of course, all be under the management of the University of Pennsylvania authorities, and will be rented from them.

About sixteen cottages will be erected to start with. They will be located on the southwest side of the present main collection of college buildings, on ground which belongs to the college, but which is unoccupied by buildings. They will be constructed of stone, in the late Tudor style of architecture, and will be three stories in height. They will face upon a court, and will have gardens about them. In effect they will resemble suburban residences.

Each cottage will accommodate fifteen or more students. The first floor will be elevated some eight feet from the ground, a cellar being underneath. Five rooms—four bedrooms and a bath-room—will open on one side into the central hallway; on the other side will be two studies, each one belonging jointly to the occupants of the two bedrooms immediately opposite it. The bedrooms will be eight by twelve feet each, and the studies thirteen by fourteen feet. Open fireplaces, electric lights, and steam heat will be in each bedroom. Broad window-seats and a plentitude of fixed bookshelves will be features of the studies. The bath-rooms are to be fitted with all conveniences, and well-lighted. Two of the three floors are to be arranged in this way. The top floor will be given over to single bedrooms for the use of students wishing less expensive quarters. Gravelled pathways will lead to the different cottages, and the approaches to them will be laid out with ornamental stone arches and handsome lawns.

The plans, when fully carried out, will cover a space of some twenty odd acres of ground with buildings. The present athletic-grounds of the university will be occupied with cottages, which will surround the part on which the football field is now laid out. The football platform itself will remain as a central campus. The two collections of cottages will have communication with each other by the streets bisecting the rows of buildings, and those on which some of them finally will front. Heavy stone archways will bridge certain of the bisecting streets, giving continuity to the arrangement of buildings.

The plan also contemplates the erection in one plot adjoining the cottages of a large chapel which will accommodate all the students, the present chapel in College Hall proving entirely too cramped even for the needs of the university now. A dining-hall which will seat 1000 students is also included in the plans, this hall to have the kitchens situated below it, and to be located centrally to all the cottages. Both the dining-hall and the chapel, for the present, however, will not be begun, the need for the cottages being more pressing. The first collection of cottages to be erected will be known as the "West Dormitory," from its position relatively to College Hall, Medical and Dental halls, and the Library.

The University of Pennsylvania now has considerably over 2000 students. A large proportion of these reside in their homes in and about the city. Most of those who come from outside the city board in the great number of apartments which are rented by private parties in the neighborhood. How many students will take advantage of the new dormitories, and rent rooms there, it is impossible to say. The plan for the cottages, however, contemplates the housing of 1000. Provost Harrison, who took Dr. William Pepper's place with the beginning of the present collegiate year, is at the head of the movement, which is to have its first results in the immediate erection of a number of these cottages, and he is enthusiastic in his belief that the idea of separate buildings will prove a successful innovation, and preferable to the "barracks" plan which rules at the other large universities in the United States.

THE NEW TORPEDO-BOATS, NUMBERS 3, 4, AND 5.

IN the economy of modern warfare the torpedo-boat is an essential element of tactical strength, and as such must always remain, so long as the torpedo itself continues an agent of destruction. These vessels supply a modern substitute for the stealth and overwhelming power of small-boat attack and boarding-parties—phases of warfare hardly possible to-day.

The three new boats are the outcome of our urgent needs in this direction—our present force being limited to two boats—and are characteristically typical of recent practice and advancement.

They will be 160 feet long, with 16-foot beam on water-line, having a mean draught of 5 feet, and, upon a displacement of about 138 tons, will carry machinery of 60 tons weight, capable of developing 2000 indicated horse-power, and able to propel the craft at a speed of not less than 24½ knots an hour. They will have a total bunker capacity of 45 tons of coal.

The armament will consist of 3 single revolving deck torpedo-guns, 3 one-pounder rapid-fire guns, with 200 rounds of ammunition for each, and 4 automobile torpedoes.

The torpedo-guns are placed, one aft, having a possible range of quite 200 degrees, and two forward, one on either beam, capable of discharge athwartships. The advantages of this type of discharge are that it does not confine the boat's style of attack, but makes the firing independent of the craft's direction, while avoiding the dangerous evolution of turning after firing, common to the boat with a fixed launching apparatus, and makes possible the rapid or simultaneous discharge of all three torpedoes at one object.

The engines, which are of the triple-expansion order, are placed amidships in separate compartments, one forward of the other, each actuating its own screw, and while isolated when under full power or the exigencies of warfare, can, when running at cruising speeds, be manipulated by one engine watch—the throttles and reversing gears being located near the common divisional bulkhead. The boilers, which are of the water-tube type, are in two compartments, forward and aft of the engines they supply. By this arrangement of the motive power possible damage is minimized, and total disablement made difficult of accomplishment.

The turtle-back is carried aft to the forward side of the conning-tower, to add to the seaworthiness of the vessels, and at the same time to afford more comfortable quarters for the officers, while every effort is made to spare both officers and crew as far as possible the fatigue and inconvenience common to such small high-powered craft, and keep them in efficient fighting condition.

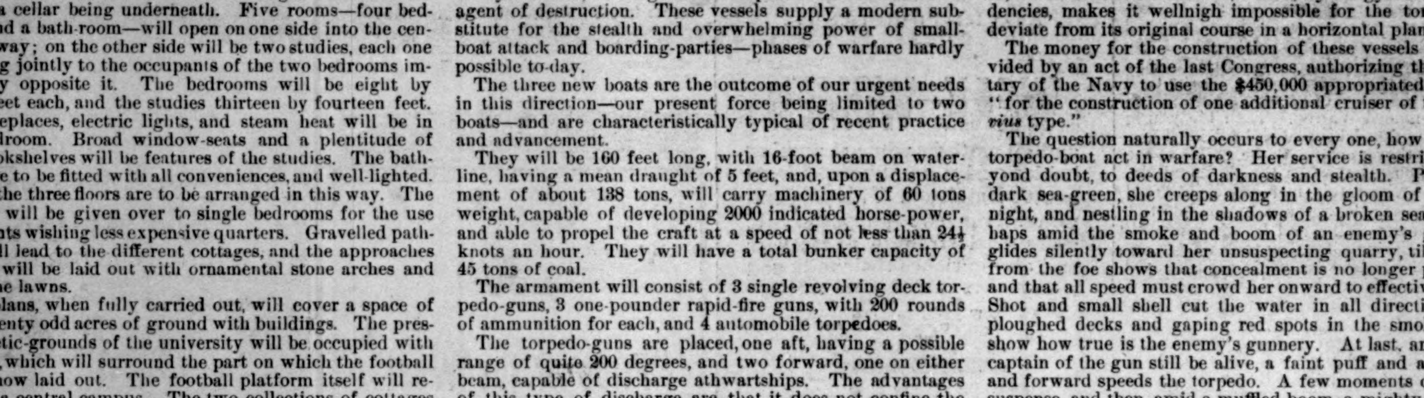
From the conning-tower the vessels will be steered by steam-gear, and from the after-tower, or chart-house, they will be steered by hand-gear, while a spare tiller will be placed near the rudder-head for use in emergencies. The lighting throughout will be by means of electricity, and the anchors will be handled by a neat little steam-windlass sunk in the deck. Folding boats will be carried; and the mast will be used only for the display of signals—flags by day, and electric lanterns by night.

The type of torpedo has not yet been determined upon, but the Howell has much to commend it above the rival Whitehead. While not possessed of the great velocity and range of the Whitehead, the Howell is superior in rectilinear direction and rending force. In the former the motive power is compressed air, and uniform submergence is regulated entirely by the maintenance of an unvarying speed. In the latter the motive power is the force stored up in a fly-wheel revolving, at moment of discharge, at the rate of 90,000 revolutions a minute, which, by its gyroscopic tendencies, makes it wellnigh impossible for the torpedo to deviate from its original course in a horizontal plane.

The money for the construction of these vessels was provided by an act of the last Congress, authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to use the $450,000 appropriated in 1889 "for the construction of one additional cruiser of the *Vesuvius* type."

The question naturally occurs to every one, how will the torpedo-boat act in warfare? Her service is restricted, beyond doubt, to deeds of darkness and stealth. Painted a dark sea-green, she creeps along in the gloom of a black night, and nestling in the shadows of a broken sea, or perhaps amid the smoke and boom of an enemy's gun-fire, glides silently toward her unsuspecting quarry, till a shot from the foe shows that concealment is no longer possible, and that all speed must crowd her onward to effective range. Shot and small shell cut the water in all directions, and ploughed decks and gaping red spots in the smoke-pipes show how true is the enemy's gunnery. At last, and if the captain of the gun still be alive, a faint puff and a splash, and forward speeds the torpedo. A few moments of awful suspense, and then, amid a muffled boom, a mighty mass of luminous water rushes heavenward two hundred feet and more—a monument as fleeting as the lives of those doomed souls upon whom it falls with all the crushing force of untold thousand tons. Instantly, above the shrieks of the frightened and the hurt, a ripping, snapping sound prevails, and then, in halves, the ship is torn apart and drawn down in a mighty seething vortex; and the torpedo craft hastens away to tell the tale of that frightful havoc.

R. G. SKERRETT.



ONE OF THE NEW TORPEDO-BOATS TO BE BUILT FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

AMATEUR SPORT

The Royal Yacht Squadron seems to have raised a mountain of most formidable proportions out of a mole-hill. When Lord Dunraven challenged for the *America's* Cup in 1892, and asked for certain concessions, the New York Yacht Club met him in a thoroughly sportsmanlike manner, and agreed practically to everything he asked which had any bearing whatsoever on the subsequent race. In the present challenge Lord Dunraven asks for substantially the same privileges, and the New York Club is again willing to grant them, in so far as they apply to the contest itself. Between sportsmen there is no possible point for disagreement, but a hitch occurs, due entirely to the obstinacy of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which insists peremptorily that the Deed of Gift shall not figure in the transfer of the Cup. It is quite the most preposterous demand sporting history records.

There are two principal clauses in the Deed under which the New York Yacht Club holds the *America's* Cup. One sets forth the government of a race under simple conditions; another provides that in case these conditions do not satisfy the challenger or the challenged, they may meet and sail under any terms that are mutually agreeable. This latter provision is known as the "mutual-agreement" clause, and its elasticity permitted the race of 1892. Now the New York Yacht Club is perfectly agreeable to interpret that clause in the widest and most sportsmanlike manner, but the Royal Yacht Squadron wishes, should Dunraven win the Cup, that he may be allowed to take it home, ignoring entirely the Deed of Gift, and the Royal Yacht Squadron be permitted to set up rules of its own to govern the future racing for this world's yachting trophy.

The Royal Yacht Squadron seems to regard this *America's* Cup as of no greater importance than were it a mere local trophy. The New York Yacht Club, in holding and conveying the Cup, owes a duty to the yachting world. It would be recreant to the trust imposed upon it by the late Mr. Schuyler and by the Deed of Gift were it to allow the Cup to go out of its keeping without insisting on the new owners receiving and signing for it in good faith under the terms of the Deed by which it became the blue ribbon of yacht-racing.

The situation is so perfectly simple that the action of the English club seems exceedingly childish. The point in dispute is not as to the conditions of the race, but as to the conditions under which the Cup if won should be held. The Royal Yacht Squadron must have a strange conception of the fitness of things if it fancies the New York Yacht Club men would permit the Cup to go out of their hands without assurance that the conditions under which it had successfully defended it for half a century were not to be tampered with by the new holder. The *America's* Cup will always stand as a perpetual world's yachting trophy, and as such the conditions of tenure can never be changed from those laid down in the original Deed of Gift. The "mutual-agreement" clause permits of the utmost freedom in match-making, and there need never be any reason, where sportsmen are concerned, for failure to arrange a race. If we do not have a contest for the *America's* Cup next year it will be solely because of the absurd and most curious position taken by the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Dunraven made four requests in his letter:

1. That the race be sailed off Newport or Marblehead instead of off New York.
2. That the measurement of yachts be made with the crews on board.
3. That the company accept a challenge identical with his challenge of '92.
4. That the New York Yacht Club consent to shortening the term of notice to nine instead of ten months.

To the first of these the club has replied, very properly, that it was altogether fitting the race for the *America's* Cup be sailed in home waters, and that there is no fairer course on either side of the Atlantic than the one off New York; and that the excursion steamers following, etc. (which Dunraven cited as an objection to New York), would be quite as numerous off Newport or Marblehead.

To the second, entirely reasonable, request the club agreed.

The third has also been agreed to, as the New York Yacht Club is perfectly willing to accept a challenge similar to that of '92, the only point now in dispute, as I have said, being the desire of the Royal Yacht Squadron to ignore the Deed of Gift under that challenge, and hold the Cup subject to such conditions as it may be pleased hereafter to make.

The New York Yacht Club has not seen its way clear to accede to the fourth request; and while it does seem as though it might give up a month, at the same time it must be taken into consideration that Dunraven has had plenty of time to send his challenge, that the race might be sailed in September, as it ought to be, instead of October. Dunraven seems to have believed he could wait until the ninth hour, and that the New York Club should then make such concessions as he chooses to ask. There is no question that September is a very much better month than October; but why did not Dunraven consider this fact and get in his challenge betimes?

However, the club showed by its committee's cable that it was heartily in accord with Dunraven's wish to have the race earlier, and would comply if it were possible to do so, its reply being: "We must adhere to the ten months' notice from December 6th, but will advance dates later if possible." In fact, the New York Yacht Club's action in the entire matter has been thoroughly sportsmanlike, and the letter which it has recently sent to Dunraven (produced herewith intact) could not be taken exception to by any sportsman:

"New York, *December* 11, 1894.

"My Lord,—The committee have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of December 1st.

"We think it much better to leave all unsettled minor questions until you arrive in this country, with the assurance that your views will receive every consideration.

"While we cannot consent to racing at Marblehead or Newport, we are convinced that you overestimate their advantages. The accessibility of the starting-point, a great convenience, at either of these places, would, in our opinion, increase the number of accompanying vessels, and neither course would be so clear or free from tides as that off New York.

"We much regret that you were not able to earlier announce your intention of challenging, so that we could have had ample time to arrange terms. You will recollect that the correspondence in 1892 ended very hurriedly, and can hardly be said to have reached a definite and satisfactory conclusion. The committee at that time held that the challenge was satisfactory only if explained by your letters, and you, though consenting to this for yourself, distinctly disallowed any authority from the Squadron to consider your letters as explanatory of the challenge.

"For this reason we much regret that the present challenge does not state the few necessary primary conditions without reference to previous negotiations. The indefiniteness as to the right to use your letters in 1892 as explanatory meant uncertainty as to the terms of holding the cup if won by you, and this brings us back to the point on which you insisted in 1892, namely, that the challenger should limit his rights, as a winner, by a previous covenant with the New York Yacht Club.

"We cannot but believe that much difficulty will be removed could you be persuaded to take our point of view on this question. We cannot understand why, with power to make any agreements desired for a match, a holder of the cup—the Squadron, for example—should expect us to covenant that they must do what they can do and want to do, and why, after all the correspondence which has taken place, there should be any fear, in the absence of such an agreement with us, of even appearing to expect, as the party challenged, terms different from those under which you challenged, as expressed in your letter of November 7, 1892.

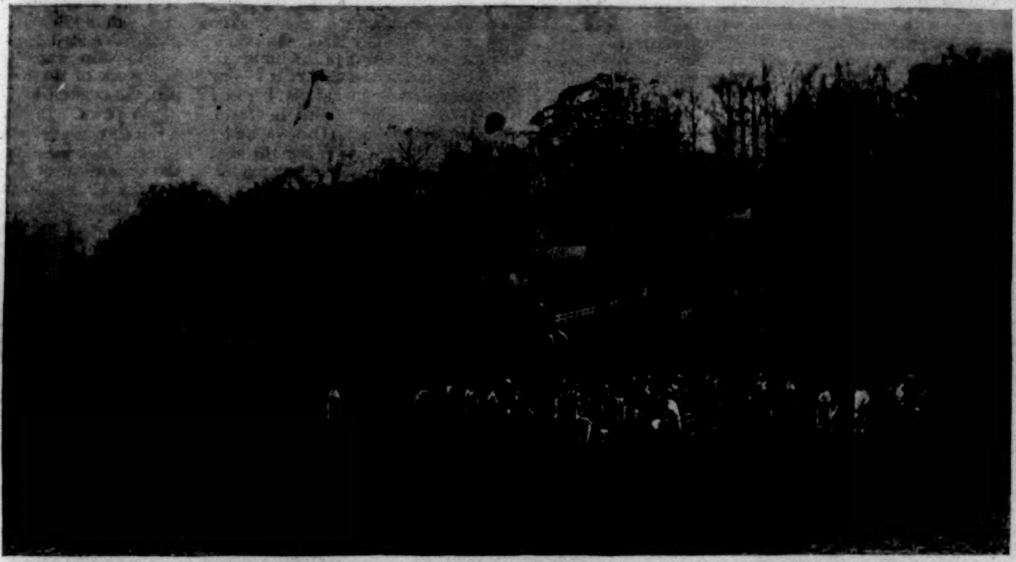
"Now we think that as any challenging club can bind itself in honor to all interested parties by announcing what it will or will not exact, in the event of winning the cup, we should not be expected to become parties to any agreement as to future terms to which our consent is in no way requisite.

"We have gone into this subject somewhat at length, as we consider that the holding of the cup is fully and liberally provided for in the deed, and do not consider any additional stipulations proper or permissible.

"We endeavored, in the despatch sent you yesterday by cable, to remove any possible cause for misunderstanding, should you win the *America* Cup from us next year, and to express this in the simplest and most direct form.

"We have the honor to remain yours, very respectfully,

"James D. Smith, Chairman."



THE MEET AT RADNOR, NOVEMBER 6, 1894, 8 A.M.

The current hunting season seems to emphasize the growing popularity of the wild fox and the gradual waning of the chase after the aniseseed bag. With very few exceptions, the drag packs have shown decreased fields, while the fox-hunting clubs have increased considerably both in fields and in the quality of sport furnished. It all goes to show that drag-hunting, which is rarely other than a steeple-chase, is beginning to pall on sportsmen. It has served a purpose, however, in increasing the interest in horsemanship, by reason of which polo was introduced and has fairly prospered, and the saddle-horses and hunters have been greatly improved in quality.

The Meadow Brook Hounds under their present Master, F. Gray Griswold, have shown excellent sport. These and the Myopia Hounds undoubtedly, on an average throughout the season, show the best imitation of the real thing of any of the regular drag packs.

The Essex Hounds have become the property of Mr. Charles Pfizer, Jun., who has moved them to Bernardsville, and has been showing the best sport this season seen in New Jersey for many a year. In fact, the honors of hunting New Jersey are divided between Mr. Pfizer and Mr. Collier, though the latter's hounds will not average so high in quality as the former's. Both these gentlemen have large stables of hunters, and, in fact, such a lot of weight-carriers as Mr. Collier's cannot be duplicated probably in any other one stable in America. Drag hunting in New Jersey has resolved itself into a couple of days a week. Mr. Pfizer issues a card, but Mr. Collier's hounds are hunted to suit the pleasure of their owner, though he generally maintains regular days. It is no uncommon thing for either of these Masters to take down from town and mount a party of their friends. Two weeks ago Mr. Collier, from his own stable, mounted twelve visiting hunters, and a week later Mr. Pfizer mounted fifteen. Both hunts are very popular with the farmers, and are turning out under better conditions than ever before.

MR. S. S. HOWLAND'S HUNTER, LADY BIRD.
Winner of three Championships.

The Rockaway Hounds have been hunted regularly by a committee throughout the season, but their country is so encroached upon by building that it is altogether improbable the pack will be maintained longer than another year or two at most.

At Westchester the fields have been small and the limit of the country is gradually narrowing.

The Myopia Hounds have probably had the most successful season of all the drag packs, and the nature of their country gives good cause for saying that their prosperity will probably continue long after that of the other drag packs has ceased. The fields have averaged about the same as usual—from fifteen to thirty riders.

Mr Wadsworth has never had so good a pack as that in the kennels this year, and, as a result, the club has been showing the best sport in its history, which is saying a great deal, for there is always good sport at Geneseo, and a large field of straight-going followers.

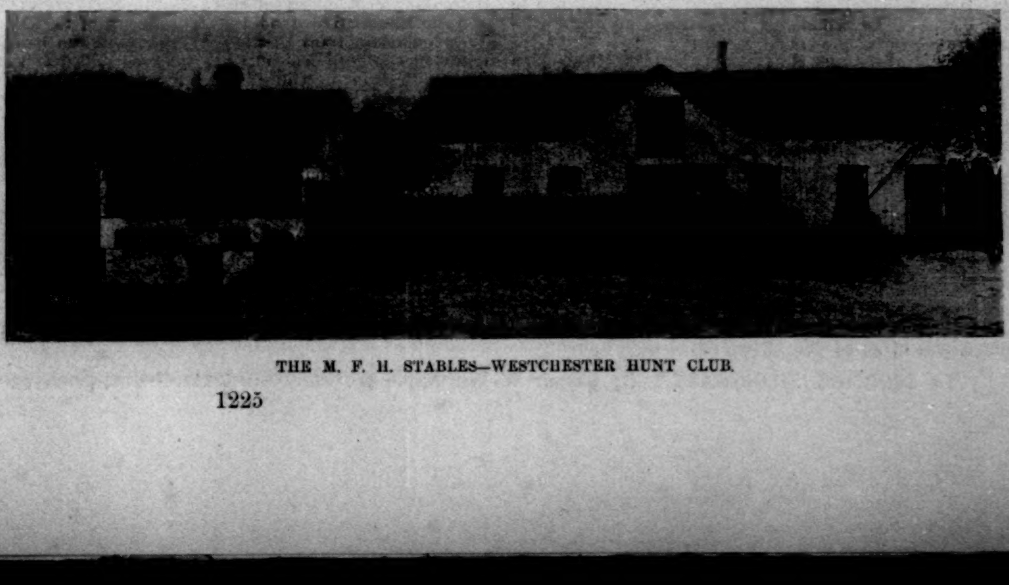
At the Radnor Mr. Mather has continued improving the hounds and the form with which the hunt is turned out. The Radnor is to-day the only pack in the United States hunted on an English basis of excellence. The season has only just begun, but if it continues to give such sport as that shown on its opening run, it is safe to say the year of '94-'95 will leave an enviable record.

The Elkridge has also been showing good sport, and is one of the few drag-hunting clubs that enjoy occasional wild-fox hunting.

The recent ruling of the Amateur Athletic Union, through its secretary, Mr. James E. Sullivan, that a paid coach is eligible to play on the football elevens of the A.A.U. clubs corresponds with League of American Wheelmen's Class B legislation. It is one of the most serious mistakes of which the Amateur Athletic Union has been guilty.

It appears that the Seattle (Washington) Athletic Club team, in its game against the Multnomah Athletic Club eleven, played at quarter-back Cobb, the ex-Harvard baseball and football player, who had been the Seattle paid coach all the season. Multnomah protested Cobb, and the dispute was settled by wiring the A.A.U. secretary, who replied that a paid coach was eligible. I have hitherto believed the Seattle Club an earnest advocate of, and worker for, pure amateur sport, and am the more surprised at this unsportsmanlike resort. The Multnomah was perfectly justifiable in protesting, and the Amateur Athletic Union totally at variance with all ideas of pure amateur sport in not sustaining the protest. Any man who is paid for his athletic services, whether it be in football, baseball, wheeling, rowing, or anything else, is a professional, and all the perverted rulings of the Amateur Athletic Union or the League of American Wheelmen cannot confute it. The fact of the matter is that football all over the United States ought to be played under the Inter-collegiate rules, especially since the Amateur Athletic Union seems inclined to follow in the footsteps of the League of American Wheelmen.

The question of playing a paid coach has been a most vexing one throughout all the middle West, and so effectually have sportsmen labored to eradicate this evil that



THE M. F. H. STABLES—WESTCHESTER HUNT CLUB.

the present year has shown such unsportsmanlike occurrences to have been exceedingly few and far between. Apart entirely from the ethical side of the question, it is perfectly apparent that, were paid coaches permitted on teams, nothing but the exchequer of a club would limit the number employed. For instance, there is no reason at all why Seattle next year could not hire eleven of the best football-players in the United States as coaches, and play them under its club colors. I cannot express too strongly my disapproval of the Seattle Club's action, and of the Amateur Athletic Union's upholding of them. The Multnomah club and Mr. Judge, as president of the Northwestern division of that ill-advised body, are both to be congratulated on their sportsmanlike position in the controversy over the Seattle Club's paid player.

In this connection I commend also the recent vigorous protest by the Boston Athletic Association against the many different degrees of amateurism that exist in that section. It is unfortunate the Boston Athletic Association should have been unable to institute a reform rather than decide to resign, but it goes to show the strong feeling gradually being revealed by all respectable sporting clubs against the unsportsmanship and duplicity which exist in so much of club athletics. I have no doubt that in time the best element of the New York Athletic Club will protest against the maintenance of its athletic teams on a semiprofessional basis at Travers Island.

The election of Mr. W. B. Curtis to the presidency of the Amateur Athletic Union bespeaks the able management of that body for the coming year. Mr. Curtis is at heart as sound an amateur as lives, and if he will give us the same drastic administration as when he undertook the suppression of the "amachoor" boxer, the year of '95 will end with much more satisfaction to sportsmen than it begins.

THE DECISION OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY to send an eight-oared crew to Henley next July is in line with the pluck and determination which have characterized the athletic endeavors of that institution. Since Cornell first began rowing she has each year turned out consistently good crews, that have always rowed in good form. One eight in 1889 rowed 1½ miles at Philadelphia in 7.03, and another, in 1891, established the world's record of 14.27 for three miles over the New London course. In the last two years they have been rowing four-mile races with Pennsylvania, and have shown equally good form, though not having yet approached the American university record of 20.10 for that distance, made by Yale against Harvard in 1888. They have, however, repeatedly endeavored to make a match with Yale, without success, their challenges being invariably declined. In football Cornell is comparatively a beginner, and yet in the last three years she has made such progress in the game that this year her eleven held the Pennsylvania team—which had defeated Princeton, 12-0—down to six points. In baseball she has shown like advancement, while track athletics, the last to be taken up, have started out promisingly. This department has said before that Cornell deserves all the athletic honors her teams earn. They have labored under many and great disadvantages, and have worked on resolutely when it would have been pardonable to become discouraged.

THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP RACE, the only one in which Cornell will be likely to compete, is over a one-mile-and-a-half straightaway course on the Thames, and has been won the last four years by the Leander crew, their time this year being 7.22. The best time in which it was ever won is 6.51, by Leander in 1891. The Leander Club is membered almost exclusively by Oxford and Cambridge men, and its crew annually chosen from the best available oars of the two 'varsity boats. Cornell will therefore meet the strongest amateur eight in all England. There are also a couple of races for fours, one for pairs, and the famous Diamond Challenge Sculls for singles, which are open to the world, but Cornell will be wise in confining her endeavors to the one event for which she is going.

The amateur definition governing all races at Henley differs from ours, insomuch as it rejects the entrance of a man who has worked for wages at a trade, as per the following:

1. No person shall be considered an amateur oarsman, sculler, or cockswain:
A. Who has ever taken part in any open competition for a stake, money or entrance fee.
B. Who has ever knowingly competed with or against a professional for any prize.
C. Who has ever taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises of any kind for profit.
D. Who has ever been employed in or about boats or in manual labor for money or wages.
E. Who is, or has been, by trade or employment for wages, a mechanic, artisan, or laborer, or engaged in any menial duty.

If Cornell is particular that every member of her crew is eligible under these definitions, there will be no others barring the way. America could probably not be more ably represented at Henley than by an eight from Ithaca, for if past work is any criterion, Cornell crews are the fastest in this country at short distances.

The question of also sending over a crew to row at Henley is being agitated at the University of Pennsylvania, though no decisive action has yet been taken. If assurance could be given that the two American eights should not meet in a trial heat, the simultaneous presence of both Cornell and Pennsylvania in English waters might furnish interesting results. But that assurance cannot be given, and Pennsylvania has yet to demonstrate her claim to representing America on the water. It would not redound much to the credit of American university rowing to send over a crew that could very likely be beaten by Harvard, Yale, and Cornell at home.

Nothing has come of the talk of an Oxford-Yale race. Indeed, Mr. Cook had, up to my last advices from the other side, made no attempt to arrange one. The only way by which we shall probably ever have an international 'varsity race is for Harvard and Yale to send a joint challenge to Oxford-Cambridge, stipulating for the meeting of the winners of their respective home contests.

PROFESSOR WILDER'S SUGGESTION that Cornell abandon inter-collegiate athletics is only another instance—of which many have been furnished this season—of sensational schemes propounded and boldly set forth by men ignorant of and wholly prejudiced against football in particular, and all games generally. The only astounding part of the present resolution before Cornell University is that it should have received any consideration. Professor Wilder represents that type of men who are in the minority—thank goodness for American manhood—who never had a vigorous, romping, wholesome boyhood, whom the hardy sports of their companions filled with terror, and for whom squat-tag and mumble-the-peg were athletic orgies. These are the boys who in their grown-up state figure as Professor Wilders and Editor Godkins, and fall into hysterical denunciations of athletics. These are the men, whose livers would work more healthfully probably for a good thorough shaking up, who find no good in sport.

No student of the times can deny the important part athletics have played in the elevation of the morale and general physical betterment of the undergraduate body. To restrict a college to games or sports on its own grounds means to take from it the spirit of rivalry, which is one of the greatest incentives to improvement.

If Cornell should by any chance spread such a resolution on her records, the only result would be that Cornell would drop back to the condition which obtained in our universities fifteen or twenty years ago. Hazing and dissipations would be renewed, and athletics eventually once again taken up.

The world seems to be full of men with an itching to pose as reformers—men who are never satisfied to leave well enough alone, but must ever be seeking opportunities to exploit themselves. If Professor Wilder has made an earnest study of this subject, which I doubt, and is desirous of doing the greatest good to the greatest number, he will combine forces with those who are just now considering the best means of abating the one part of evil in a sport that has nine good parts to commend it.

THE SEASON JUST CLOSED has been the most successful one football has experienced in the middle West. Every year has shown steady improvement, but 1894 marks a great advance in the popularity as well as quality of the game. One of the difficulties with which Western colleges have had to contend was the necessity of making up their teams mostly of green players. The high and other preparatory schools have been gradually taking up the game, however, and this year scarcely one of importance but had its team. The football played in most cases is rather crude, to be sure, but it augurs well for the future of the sport in the West. The Michigan and Minnesota Military Academy teams played in Chicago, November 28th, for the scholastic championship, Michigan M. A. winning, 24-6.

Another very encouraging feature is the gradual disappearance of unsportsmanlike play, and it is a high tribute to the sport to say that the more skill and science the Western teams acquire, the less there is found of the pugilistic style of play. Another cause in part responsible for the cleansing is the increased efficiency of the officials. A few years ago almost all games in the West were played under partisan officials—one usually from each of the opposing colleges. Now the West has her quota of able and honest officials much the same as the East.

WHAT TEAM IN THE MIDDLE WEST is strongest it is impossible to say with certainty, since not all the leading colleges have met, and comparison of scores is untrustworthy and indecisive. So far as scores indicate, Wisconsin would seem to have had the best of it. She has not been scored upon this year by a college team, and has suffered but one defeat, that by the Chicago A. A., which eleven she has also beaten once. She has met and defeated Minnesota, so long invincible, Chicago, and Iowa. She cannot be called champion of the West, however, in the face of not having met Michigan and of her game with Purdue ending in dispute. There can be little doubt of Wisconsin's superiority over Purdue, however, as Minnesota shut out Purdue quite handily before being beaten by Wisconsin. Chicago was badly crippled in her game with Wisconsin, which took place early in the season (October 20th). On the other hand, the game with Michigan on Thanksgiving day was the one to win which Chicago had sacrificed all else. She had played substitutes in her game with Northwestern (which she won, 30-0) the week before, and coach Stagg and several of the players saw the Michigan-Cornell game at Detroit. Michigan's team had but one day's practice after the hard Cornell game, and, moreover, considered their season closed with that struggle. They went to Chicago somewhat over-confident and indifferent, and never showed their true form until near the end of the game. Michigan claims that Chicago had in some way unfairly acquired the signals of almost all her plays, which, if true, is a grave charge against the sportsmanship of Stagg and Allen, Chicago's coach and captain respectively. It is, at least, disgraceful to both teams that the game was characterized by rough playing and a considerable amount of slugging.

It is safe to say that Michigan and Wisconsin are the two foremost teams of the central West, and a meeting between them can alone decide which is the stronger. The decision as to which is the stronger is not so important, but it is worth while to note that the West is creeping up on the East. This is certainly indicated by the closeness of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Purdue, and Chicago to Michigan, and Michigan's defeat of Cornell after the latter's record in the East. Next year Michigan and Wisconsin will undoubtedly meet, and Michigan will send her team East to meet Yale or Pennsylvania, which will afford an interesting and fairly accurate comparison of Western with Eastern football.

MINNESOTA HAS UNDOUBTEDLY THE STRONGEST team after Michigan and Wisconsin. She is not quite up to last year's form, yet her defeat by Wisconsin is to be attributed more to the latter's greater improvement. Purdue and Chicago are probably the next in rank, and are close rivals, Purdue somewhat the stronger. Oberlin's game against Michigan showed that she too had a strong and well-trained eleven, yet her unexpected defeat by Adelbert makes her the second in rank of the Ohio colleges. It is difficult to properly place the Ohio colleges, because of their spasmodic reversals of form; but Adelbert, by her defeat of Oberlin and Case School, is entitled to rank as one of the best.

Illinois started the season well, but was unlucky in having men crippled, and takes rather low rank. The greatest drop has been that of Northwestern, which fell an easy prey to every team it met, and disbanded early in November. Among the smaller colleges Beloit has shown perhaps the most gratifying development. Albion is another of the smaller colleges that deserves honorable mention, easily outranking all Michigan colleges except the State university.

As to the relative standings of the teams of the central West and of the trans-Mississippi region, there can be little doubt that either Michigan or Wisconsin could defeat any other college in the entire West, excepting on the Pacific coast. The teams of this latter district and those across the Rockies have never met, and their relative standings cannot be determined. Of the teams in the trans-Mississippi region, Michigan has defeated Kansas, and Wisconsin has defeated Iowa, but Nebraska and Missouri have defeated both Kansas and Iowa. Judging, however, by the style of football played by these teams, Michigan and Wisconsin are undoubtedly superior. The trans-Mississippi teams have been coached by men out of the game several years, and played old-fashioned football. On the other hand, Michigan and Wisconsin, more particularly the former, play an up-to-date snappy game.

THE NEBRASKA STATE UNIVERSITY has secured the championship of the Western Inter-collegiate Football League, composed of the State universities of Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Nebraska, the following being the season's record:

	Neb.	Mo.	Kan.	Ia.
Games played	3	3	3	3
Games won	2	2	1	1
Games lost	1	1	2	2
Points scored	62	62	36	20
Points scored against	24	38	38	80
Standing	1	2	3	4

At the beginning of the season Kansas engaged Hector Cowan, the former Princeton tackle, to coach her team, Iowa secured a Michigan man, Missouri retained Robinson, of Tufts, and Nebraska re-engaged Crawford of Ann Arbor.

The opening game of the season was played at Kansas City, November 3d, between Nebraska and Missouri, and neither was in good condition. Missouri used the best generalship, and was victorious, 18 to 14. The same day Kansas, in crippled condition, was defeated by Iowa by a score of 14 to 12. (Kansas protested the game, because the second half was prolonged 10 minutes over time.)

November 17th, Nebraska defeated Kansas, much to the surprise of every one, 12 to 6. Two days later Missouri defeated Iowa, at Columbia, by a score of 36 to 6.

THE KANSAS-MISSOURI GAME is the Harvard-Yale contest of the West. Kansas was handicapped insomuch as coach Cowan had to develop seven new players, and but one man on the team had previously played more than a year, while three others had but one year's experience. The captain and quarter-back, the centre rush, and one end were unable to play, and their places were taken by substitutes. Missouri was confident of victory, and starting in with a rush, secured two touch-downs in the first 20 minutes. In the last 12 minutes of the first half Kansas, by fast and brilliant work, made two touch-downs. In the second half Missouri secured one touch-down, and Kansas scored twice, Shellenbarger kicking the only goal of the game, which was called on account of darkness, with the ball on Missouri's four-yard line, and score 18-12 in Kansas's favor.

The offensive play of both teams was the best ever seen in the West; Kansas's the better; but the defensive work of each was at times very poor, the ball changing hands on failure to advance but four times during the game. The team-work of Kansas was very good, especially in interference. She had developed a clean-cut style of play in quickly opening the Missouri line and letting the ball through for good gains. Hector Cowan's coaching was very apparent. Every man knew what he was to do, and something about playing his position, and the team played a more distinct style of game, and more evenly than Missouri.

On the same day Nebraska overwhelmingly defeated Iowa by a score of 36 to 0, thus winning the championship pennant. Nebraska's success this year is due to the work of the line and to the phenomenal playing of Flippen, the colored half-back, who has been with the team for three years. In her games with Kansas, Ottawa, and Iowa, the eleven excelled in blocking and in getting through the line. Nebraska developed no new plays, but perfected the execution of the old ones. Doane College defeated Nebraska by good all-round work and in breaking up interference, though Doane was afterwards beaten by Kansas. Nebraska's score for the season shows 124 points to opponents' 42. In the League games she scored 62 against opponents' 24.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC COAST football season has been an interesting one, and the Seattle Club finished a particularly successful season, having won the first year's custodianship of the very handsome cup offered by the Great Northern Railway Company. The trophy becomes the permanent property of the club winning it two successive seasons. Before the next year comes round, the railway company would do well to revise its rules, and insist that none but amateurs should be permitted on teams competing for the cup.

These two clubs, the Multnomah and the Seattle, have the strongest elevens in the Pacific Northwest; but there are other good ones on the Sound, among them being Port Townsend and Tacoma. There is also an Inter-collegiate League, comprised of the Portland and Pacific colleges, both at Portland, Oregon; the State Agricultural College, at Corvallis; the Monmouth College, at Monmouth; and the Oregon State University, at Eugene. Of these the State University has played football this year for the first time, and all the others showed improvement over the previous year. In fact, this extreme corner of the United States has always displayed a good sporting spirit. Despite its isolation, it has kept abreast of the times to a remarkable extent, and with commendable sportsmanship.

THE SOUTHERN FOOTBALL SEASON has shown a progress in the science of the game equal to that of the West. I regret having no data by which to particularize my comment. Probably the most notable feature of the season, however, has been the great improvement in the game of the smaller college and academy teams. Their play hitherto has been of the most pronounced school-boy type, but this year became very creditable. The greater skill of preparatory school players has, of course, had its influence on the colleges, for, whereas formerly captains had raw material from which to work, now in many instances the players come to them from the preparatory schools ready made.

The University of Virginia, as usual, put forth a very strong eleven, and one that showed up most favorably against Princeton and Pennsylvania early in the season. The universities of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and the several college teams in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas have all improved greatly over last season. The kicking game, too, seems to have had the same results in the South as in the North, making the play very much more open and more uncertain. There has been less "unnecessary roughness" in Southern football this year than last, and altogether the situation is most encouraging.

IT IS TO BE HOPED the University Athletic Club will not get behind the excuse of "not wishing to appear as a dictator," and postpone calling a meeting of the *alumni* qualified to discuss the present inter-collegiate athletic situation. No better opportunity was ever presented for this club to emphasize its position as the athletic balance-wheel, in which light all college men already view it. There are many questions to be decided this winter—those of price of admission, restriction of games to college grounds, proscription of long periods of preliminary training, and discussion of the present playing rules.

It is pleasing to note that already the preliminary training seasons appear to have lost caste at both Yale and Princeton. Neither of the baseball nines at these universities will take up the usual long winter training, and it is altogether likely that the baseball cage will never again fill the place it has in the teams' development. At Yale the crew, too, is not beginning work so early as usual. At Harvard there seems to be no change, as the crew and the nine are going into their work after the usual manner.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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Mayor Gilroy having read Dr. Parkhurst's recent letter commending Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's admirable "History of the City of New York," has written to the publishers, Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., that he heartily endorses Dr. Parkhurst's opinion of the book, a copy of which he possesses. Dr. Parkhurst says that the History has no rival. No work even approaches it as a text-book of information as to the history of the city. He hopes that all citizens will own a copy of the work, so that they may the more intelligently comprehend what a responsibility rests upon them to treasure and guard its interests. In order that it may reach a wider circulation the publishers have reduced the price to $16.00. (Two volumes, royal octavo, 1620 pages, 313 illustrations, cloth, gilt top.) People not New-Yorkers, but interested in all that concerns the Metropolis, will be glad to have this monumental work in their libraries for their friends to see. Call and examine the work, or order it to be sent to your address.

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It stimulates and produces a vigorous growth; cleanses the scalp and prevents dandruff, and gives that appearance of softness, abundance and beauty so much desired.

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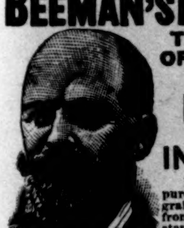

THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.

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CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
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Everything

Made of Black Leather would last twice as long, be stronger, keep shape, be soft and clean, if kept oiled with

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Pianos are the Best.
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

Turn it upside down:

It won't hurt it.

There are no dregs or sediment at the bottom.

Drinkers of Evans' India Pale Ale know that, and **do not hesitate to drain the bottle.**

A sensitive stomach, that is nauseated with cloudy ale, appreciates Evans' India Pale Ale—**No Sediment.**

When two years old it is properly bottled by experts, and will keep in any climate.

There is no other Ale "just as good" as Evans'.

C. H. Evans & Sons,
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STEINWAY
The Standard Pianos of the World!
The Largest Establishment in Existence.
Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

—WE WANT YOU TO TRY
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
SMOKING TOBACCO.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECTION. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices of Golden Sceptre, 1 lb., $1.30; ¼ lb., 40 cents, postage paid. Catalogue free.

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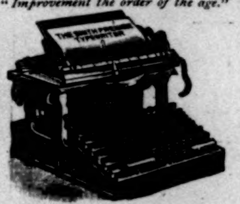
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hard enough you are bound to succeed; but you must have the machine that makes hard pushing easy. We have pushed

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In Buying Beverage for your Sick People and for Your Table, Buy the BOTTLE BEER of

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Highest Premium at World's Fair, 1893, for Absolute Purity and Quality.

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SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.
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Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

PURSUANT to an Order of the Supreme Court of Queensland, made in an Action McArdle and others *vs.* the Curator of Intestate Estates (1890 No. 1129), the persons claiming to be the next of kin and heir-at-law of **Rose McArdle**, formerly of Tullinavall, in the Parish of Lower Creggan, in the County of Armagh, sometime of Sydney and Bourke, in the Colony of New South Wales, and of Brisbane, in the Colony of Queensland, Spinster deceased, living at the time of the said Rose McArdle's death, on the 7th day of August, 1870, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the next of kin as are now dead, AND the persons claiming to be the next of kin or heir-at-law of **Michael McArdle**, formerly of Tullinavall aforesaid, and who married one Mary Quinn, in or about the year 1835, and emigrated to America, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the said next of kin as are now dead. AND the persons claiming to be the next of kin or heir-at-law of **Felix McArdle**, of Tullinavall aforesaid, then of Bathurst and Sydney, in the Colony of New South Wales, and who went to Stoney Castle Gold Fields and it is believed subsequently joined his father, the said Michael McArdle, in America, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the said next of kin as are now dead, are by their Solicitors on or before the 22d day of October, 1895, to come in and prove their claims at the Chambers of His Honor the Chief Justice of Queensland, Supreme Court House, George Street, Brisbane, Queensland, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said Order.

TUESDAY, the 22d day of October, 1895, at ten of the clock in the forenoon at the said Chambers is appointed for hearing and abjudicating upon the claims.

DATED this 24th day of October, 1894.

{L. S.} WILLm BELL,
Registrar,
Supreme Court of Queensland.

CHAMBERS BRUCE & McNAB,
Adelaide Street,
Brisbane, Queensland,
Solicitors for the above-named Plaintiffs.

FIRST MORTGAGE 5% GOLD BONDS
OF THE
Bridgeport Traction Company
OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.,

DATED JULY 1, 1893. DUE JULY 1, 1923.

Principal and Interest payable in Gold Coin of the United States of the present standard weight and fineness.

Secured by an ABSOLUTELY FIRST MORTGAGE UPON THE ENTIRE STREET RAILWAY SYSTEM OF THE CITY OF BRIDGEPORT, the second largest city in the State of Connecticut.

The total issue is limited to **$2,000,000**, of which **$1,300,000** have been issued, covering over thirty-two miles of track, together with all real estate, equipment, and other property now owned or that may be acquired. The remaining **$700,000** can only be issued for new mileage or improvements at not exceeding **75** per cent. of the actual cost of the same.

The system is double-tracked throughout the entire city, and is built and equipped in the most thorough manner, being laid with steel rails, 90 lbs. to the yard. The company is operated under a PERPETUAL FRANCHISE GRANTED BY THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT, and the bonds are endorsed by the Comptroller of the State, certifying that they are issued in accordance with the law, which requires that the total amount of bonds outstanding shall not exceed **75** per cent. of the actual cost of the property.

The net earnings of the Company are at the rate of over double all charges.

DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS, PRICE, ETC., FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION.

WE OFFER AND RECOMMEND THE ABOVE BONDS AS A SAFE AND DESIRABLE INVESTMENT.

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Nothing filmy about KORONAS, still Roller Holders can be Attached.

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Entirely new, scientific invention; different from all other devices; the only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible ear drum in the world. Hundreds are being benefited where medical skill has failed. No string or wire attachment to irritate the ear. Write for pamphlet.

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